

THE COGSWELL
LETTERS



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Root, Mrs. Grace McClure Dixon (Cogswell)

FATHER and DAUGHTER



**A Collection of Cogswell
Family Letters and Diaries**



(1772-1830)

EDITED BY

GRACE COGSWELL ROOT



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FOREWORD

Most of the following letters were given to me by Miss Mary Weld of Chestnut Hill and have since been turned over to the Library of Yale University. The remainder and the M. F. C. Hartford-New York diary were already in the Library.

August, 1924.

G. C. R.

"And ye Angel Gabriel being y^h at ancer at Pemaquid (1) was burst in pieces & cast away in ye storme & most of the cattell & other goodes with one seaman & 3 or 4 passengers did also perish therin, besides two of ye passengers yt died by ye way, ye rest having yr lives given ym for a prey." Thus the Reverend Richard Mather tells in his journal (2) why John Cogswell was permitted to land on the shore of the Americas on August 15, 1635. But unfortunately he does not tell us why John and his wife, Elizabeth, had seen fit in Trinity Term, 1635, (3) to sell for £40 their cottages, gardens, orchards, barn and pastures in Westbury and Westbury Leigh, in the County of Wilts, England, and set out for the New World. It may be said here that between 1625 and 1630 the business of weaving had suffered a very serious decline in England. (4) Whether or no this was the reason for the emigration of the Cogswells is conjectural. So probably the most satisfying way is for each of their descendants to answer the question for himself, according as he interprets the John and Elizabeth still stirring in his own blood.

John's English inheritance had been "the Mylls called Ripond, situated within the Parish of Frome, Selwood" and so he had naturally followed the family trade of manufacturing woolens, (5) while his wife Elizabeth, had borne him nine children.

Such was the history of the Cogswells up to the time when they found themselves wet and shivering on the rockbound coast of our homeland in midsummer, 1635. Besides his family, John had saved one other possession from the wreck of the Gabriel, a large tent, which, pitched on the shore of the Province of Maine, provided the "First Home of the Cogswells' in America." John soon busied himself in going to Boston and finding there a small ship, fetched his family in it to Ipswich in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. The tract of land between the Kennebec and Piscataqua Rivers had been anglicanized by Sir Ferdinando Gorges while Dover and Exeter were infected with antinomians. So it is probable that a blue Puritanical wind kept the Cogswell's little barque sailing southward until it could head inland up the Agawam, which was an Orthodox River in those days. Here at "the further Chebokoe," in 1636, a grant of 308 acres of land was made to John Cogswell.

Once rooted in New England the Cogswells appear to have done their duty in conforming to the Puritan practice of auto-multiplication. But for the purposes of these pages we pass by another John and two Samuels, stopping at James, born in Saybrook, Connecticut, 1720. At the age of fifteen he "experienced religion" and his active ministry in the Congregational Church lasted sixty years. One deep rift in it was caused by his drinking a cup of tea. In the critical year, 1775, after the death of his adopted daughter, Miss Betsy Devotion, the Reverend James was so over-

(1) Pemaquid is on the eastern shore of Muscongus Bay, Maine.

(2) "Journal of Richard Mather, 1635" Boston. Printed and published by David Clapp over 184 Washington Street, 1850.

(3) In the Public Record Office, London, appears the following conveyance:— "In Charles First, Trinity Term, 1635. Anthony Selfe & Henry Allyn, Plaintiff & John Cogswell & Elizabeth, his wife, Defendants"

(4) "Founding of New England" by James Truslow Adams.

(5) There are factories occupying much the same locations and still owned today by Cogswells. "The Cogswells in America" by Jameson, published 1834.

come by shock that he was persuaded by sympathizing friends to indulge in the soothing stimulus of a pannikin of tea. This delinquency having been reported to the Committee of Inspection, the Dominie, always nervously sensitive to public opinion, was able to exculpate himself only by producing a certificate from his physician to the effect that the cup of tea had been prescribed. But amongst the general public, many aggrieved patriots continued to express their resentment by staying at home from church service. Doubtless his name and offence would have been published in the "Norwich Packet" and in the "New England Gazette" had not the news of the Battle of Lexington come just then and been found sufficiently absorbing to sweep into forgetfulness even the heinous sin of Tory tea drinking by the cloth.

James was graduated from Yale with the class of 1742. He studied theology, after graduation with the Reverend Solomon Williams. In 1744 he was recommended to the Church in Canterbury, Connecticut, by the Windham (Old Light) Consociation and also by a special New Light Council as a fit candidate for settlement. He was voted a call to settle in September, in consequence of which the major part of the church seceded and set up "separate" worship. The consociation met in December, 1744, as an ordaining council, and having decided that the separating majority had by voting to reject the Saybrook for the Cambridge platform made themselves into another church, proceeded to ordain the Rev. Cogswell.

James Cogswell married Alice Fitch in 1745.

The preceding lines have served as a foreword to the account of the life of their fourth child, Mason Fitch Cogswell, born September, 1761, at Canterbury, while his father was resident minister.

* * *

The name Mason had come into the family by the front door, the mother of the Rev. James being Mrs. Ann Dennison, nee Mason, granddaughter of Captain John Mason, Major of the Colonial forces and historian of the Pequot War. History books are fond of acclaiming this Captain Mason as the Puritans' own St. George. Certainly it would have been more appetizing had he roasted a dragon alive instead of seven hundred Indian men, women and children. At the time he calmly notes that "by the Providence of God there were one hundred and fifty more savages than usual in the village that night" (1). This pious expression goes to show that the Puritans preferred to keep their Bible open at the Old Testament.

Like many ministers of his day, the Reverend James was accustomed to receive pupils into his family, fitting young men for college and the ministry. Naphthalia Daggett, afterwards president of Yale College, enjoyed for half a year "the faithful grammar instruction of Mr. Cogswell." A later pupil was one Benedict Arnold of Norwich, then a bright little fellow, full of play and pranks, a recipient of many letters of counsel and warning from his excellent mother. (2)

When our little hero, whom we will call, M. F. C., was eleven years old his mother died. That same year his father, the Reverend

(1) "Founding of New England" by James Truslow Adams.

(2) "The History of Windham County" by Ellen D. Larned.

James, moved about eight miles to Windham, Connecticut. Here he became minister in the New Scotland Parish on a settlement of sixty pounds and an annual salary of eighty pounds. Within a few months he took to himself a new devotion, in the guise of a wife, by name Martha Lathrop, widow of his predecessor the Reverend Ebenezer Devotion, and the bridegroom promptly "settled into her pleasant homestead." Whether she had been the reason for his resigning his pastorate in Canterbury or whether upon arrival at Windham he had discovered she would make a good "Curate's Assistant" is not recorded. It must have been professional help the Dominie craved, for of his five children, one was married, two had died in childhood, one was attending Yale College (1) and only one, little Mason remained at home to be looked after. It appears that coincidentally with the arrival of the step-mother this last remaining child left the paternal roof. First, it was to live near Windham in the family of the Honorable Samuel Huntington. Little Mason appears to have had Devotion women to the right and left of him, for the wife of this Huntington was none other than the daughter of Mason's new step-mother. Very probably that was one of the reasons for sending Mason to live with the Huntington family, and another, most likely, was that there was a young Huntington, Samuel by name, the adopted nephew, with whom Mason could study preparatory to entering Yale. Here we happen first on the tri-partite alliance which held fast between the Huntington-Devotion-Cogswell families through the seventy years of M. F. C.'s life. Anyway, the background presented by the Huntington family and young Samuel, his comrade-at-arms, must have appeared very sympathetic to an eleven year old boy keen for playing at Indian skirmishes and Red-Coat routs. The Honorable Samuel Huntington was at all hours a striking Continental figure, but never more so than in these particular days when political reverberations were already beginning to sound through New and Old England.

Huntington had been born in 1731, and while apprenticed at the age of sixteen to a cooper, had aspired to the law and had devoted all his spare moments to its study. By 1761 he had established himself as a lawyer in Norwich, and was married to Martha Devotion, daughter of the Reverend Ebenezer Devotion of Windham. Having no children of their own Samuel Huntington and his wife early adopted a niece and nephew, Hannah and Samuel, children of the Reverend Joseph Huntington, of Coventry, Connecticut. Any reading of Norwich in these pre-revolutionary days shows the Huntington home to have been the political and social focus of that region.

"A number of young men studied law with Mr. Huntington (2) and

(1) The Reverend James Cogswell himself was thought of by some of the alumni as a candidate for President Clap's place at Yale in 1766.

(2) Samuel Huntington's public life began in 1764 as a Representative to the General Assembly. In 1773 he was elected a member of the Upper House; in 1774, Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut; and in 1775, a member of Congress. He continued in Congress till 1780. He was elected a member of the Marine Court, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, served as President of Congress from 1779-1781, and as then obliged to resign on account of ill-health. On retiring from Congress he resumed his office of Judge of the Supreme Court. In 1782 & 1783 he was again elected to Congress but resigned the office in the latter year. In 1784 he was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; in 1785, Lieut. Governor; in 1786, Governor, which office he held till he died from "dropsy of the chest" in 1796.

were constantly at the house. This youthful element and the warm hospitality of Governor and Mrs. Huntington made their home a center of attraction for all the young people of the Town, and it is said, that after games in the parlor, the young guests would often return to the kitchen and dance away until the curfew rang at nine o'clock. . . . Mrs. Huntington is described as dressing 'very simply, often in a white short gown and stuff petticoat with stiffly-starched cap and clean muslin apron.' In the journal of the Marquis de Chastellux, who dined with Gov. Huntington in Philadelphia in 1780 while Mr. Huntington was President of Congress, he describes Mrs. Huntington as 'a good-looking lusty woman, but not young' who 'did the honors of the table, that is to say, helped everybody, without saying a word.' Governor Huntington was of middle size, with a 'swarthy' complexion and a 'vivid' and 'penetrating' eye; 'considering comfort and convenience' more than splendour in his domestic arrangements, 'modern and circumspect in all his movements, never frivolous' but always 'practical' in his conversation. He was 'a constant attendant at public worship and at conference meetings, in the absence of the minister, often led the services.' (1)

There is a letter extant from a J. Huntington to Dr. James Cogswell. I print it here because of the insight it affords into Puritanical faith when face to face with sorrow, because it reflects the friendliness between the Huntingtons and Cogswells, and most of all, because it contains the first written mention of our hero, Mason Fitch Cogswell, albeit as a little fever-blistered victim.

"To the Revd James Cogswell, Scotland Parish, Windham,

Very dear & Hond Sir,

I do not expect you will take the trouble of answering all the letters I write to you, though every line from you is very precious to me; but as my heart is always with you it is natural for me to write. It almost kills me to think of my "blasted hopes and short withering days." I once fondly expected to spend this summer in the sweet enjoyment of everything my heart could wish for in this world. Ah! how differently must I drag through the gloomy season if life is continued. Dear Sir, I don't forget you while I mourn for myself; my heart bleeds for you every day, if my prayers are heard God Almighty will be near to you in this day of uncommon trial. You have seen me, Sir, in every discovery of weakness which the excess of love, hope, fear and anguish could produce, and if you can still own me as your child and most dutiful friend, your candour will appear very great.

I have been exceedingly depressed of late; in the beginning of this week I rode as far as Windham hoping that riding and conversation would help me, which indeed it did; though before I got there, I once or twice almost determined to turn homeward; I often ride abroad if I am able; I design, if providence permit, to go to Norwich the beginning of next week with my little son; must go by the way of Lebanon as it is bad passing the River of Windham.

(1) "Old Houses of the Ancient Town of Norwich, 1660-1800," by Mary E. Perkins.

Wm Woolcott Esqre, a valuable friend of mine, who has repeatedly written to me in my affliction, will make me a visit the beginning of the week after next, des volenti; and if it should please God that the state of your family might permit you to do me the like favour I should receive it with great thankfulness. Sir, you are nearer my heart than any other valuable friend. I was grieved to hear at Windham that little Mason had a fever sore on his arm. God grant a speedy case. Why is it that a merciful God has laid his hand so heavy upon you and your dear family? But he is holy; "He giveth not account of any of His matters." "Man was not made to question; but 'adore."

As to the dreadful, the distressing share I have in the affliction of your family, my own sins easily account for it. My soul centered too much in that *dear object* whose sweet, lovely image can never be erased from it. He that made her so charming and desireable knows the strength of my temptation. I hope for his pardon for every deviation of my affection from their proper channels. Oh, how happy if I might always as sensibly love a present God as I have done some of his creatures!

I beg to be remembered to your children as one that has a tender love and pity for them; may they choose a *parent*, a *friend* who is far above all the claims of mortality.

"The Lord liveth, and blessed be our Rock, and may the God of our Salvation be glorified."

Sir, I subscribe, with tears, your most
dutiful, Obedient
Servant

Coventry, 28 May 1772
Revd Mr. Cogswell"

J. Huntington

By his first wife, Alice Fitch, James Cogswell had had a daughter named after her mother. This daughter died May 9th 1772. So from this letter one quite naturally supposes the bereaved J. Huntington to have been paying her his addresses.

* * *

In 1776 M. F. C. must have entered Yale. The story goes that his entrance examination was given him on the knee of President Daggett. It seems natural he should have sought an education at this particular college. His father had done so before him, and geographically it was near at hand. Then too, Yale represented the more orthodox expression of religion in education. It has even been said to have been started in protest against the more liberal and more wicked ways of Harvard. This point of view would have found sympathy in the Congregational breast of Dominie James, the father.

It is said (1) that Governor Samuel Huntington adopted and sent to Yale both his nephew, Samuel Huntington, and M. F. C. Anyway, in 1780, M. F. C. aetat 19, graduated as valedictorian and youngest man in his class. A class of 27 men which included such able ones as Matthew and Roger Griswold. There is extant only one letter about M. F. C.'s undergraduate days.

(1) "Yale University Biography. Memorials of Eminent Yale Men" by Anson Phelps Stokes.

“To Mason Fitch Cogswell
In Stamford
Handed by Mr. Ripley
My dear child,

Windham, August 3, 1779.

I have been very anxious for you in This Time (1) of great Distress and Danger which has been near you and all round you. I had no reason to think any other but that you were at New Haven when The Enemy was there and heard once that they had killed some Scholars and taken off most of the Rest. Think how I felt. I should indeed have been uncomfortable had I have given full credit to the Report. But the next Day was relieved of that anxiety by seeing Bain as he came Home from New Haven. What Reason have you to bless God for his protecting goodness.

I doubt not you will follow your studies to as good advantage as you can and if College gets together should be very desirous you should be there if you can for tho' I am greatly obliged to Mr. Davenport (2) for his kind care in intrusting you as well assured of his abilities as I should be in those of any man, I suppose the advantages of a public education are greater than of a private one if you can Enjoy it. However I have no Doubt your Brother will do what appears best in this Regard.

I am as ever your affectionate father,

James Cogswell

Mason F. Cogswell; my Son.”

* * *

We have no records to tell us what young Cogswell did with himself during the war years of strain and stress. The next date which is noted in black and white is March 5th, 1781, when M. C. F. wrote from Stamford to his father at Scotland Parish, Windham, filling the letter with a fulsomeness of duty and apology.

“To the Reverend James Cogswell
Windham

Stamford, March 5th, 1781

Dear & Hond Sir,

The letter which you handed me when I was at home is before me—the lengthy reproof which it contains is a sufficient punishment to deter me from being guilty of the like neglect in future where it is in my power to avoid it. It has ever given me painful feelings when my conduct has been expressive to the least ingratitude towards a *Friend* who has con-

(1) Early on Monday Morning, July 5, in 1779, from 2 to 3000 British troops under General Tryon landed in the suburbs of New Haven and proceeded to plunder the town during the Rest of the day. A company of Yale students, about seventy in number, commanded by George Wells of the Senior Class, assisted in checking the British advance. The college buildings were not damaged, for which exemption Edmund Fanning (Yale 1757) a member of General Tryon's official family afterwards claimed the credit.

At the approach of the enemy, President Stiles dismissed the students until further orders. A private commencement for the conferring of degrees, was held on September 8, but no attempt was made to assemble the College for study until the usual time of beginning the fall term (Oct. 22) “Dexter's Yale Biographies & Annals”

(2) Probably the father of Elizabeth Davenport who was then the wife of James Cogswell, M. D.

ferred upon me the most inconsiderable favor. It is not strange then that my feelings should be still more painful when tax'd with this crime by a fond Parent whose prayers I've ever had for my happiness & whose approbation has ever given me the most sensible satisfaction. Since I have been capable of the least reflection I have felt a sweet pride in gladdening my Parents by a conformity to all their commands. My feelings are still the same—and 'tis my desire they never may be chang'd—Do not, Dear Sir, impute my neglect of writing to wilfulness. Nor give it so harsh a name as Ingratitude. Neither have I forgotten that I have friends in that quarter as you and my Mamma seem almost ready to conclude. That would indeed be *Ingratitude*. My late visit I fancy has removed every suspicion of that nature—neither the distance there is between us nor the variety of Objects—however many and pleasing—that surround me—can ever efface the remembrance of my *dearest* friends—nor in the least diminish my affections.

This week is in some measure a week of rejoicing—last Sunday came into the family a fine Daughter. Mrs. Davenport is very comfortable and in a fair way for recovery—But the enjoyments of life are (not) set down without a mixture of grief—Whilst the Major and his wife are pleased with the charming Daughter—Jammy and Nabby are mourning the loss of a darling son. It was born a fortnight since and died yesterday of a pleurisy. Thus wither'd the one promising infant and blasted the expected happiness of its Parents—their expectations were highly raised and the disappointment consequently very great—How uncertain are life's comforts and how often do our dreams of Joy terminate in real sorrow.

Our situation in this quarter with regard to the Enemy is much as it has been for these several months past—We are still fearful of losing our cattle—but our fears are not so great as they have been, as some of the most noted villians have lately been taken—Since I came from the Eastward my Brother has rec'd letters from Sammy (1) in which he mentions his designs of visiting us as soon as he can leave the army conveniently and should he come as far as Stamford he will undoubtedly lengthen out his journey to Scotland—He mentions particularly that he is well. My brother calls and I must obey—With compliments to friends

I am, Dear Sir, with filial affection,

Your Dutiful Son,

Mason F. Cogswell

P. S. I intended to have written to my Mamma & 'tis really a disappointment to me that I have not time. Sargeant McNutt now waits upon me for this letter. My respects particularly to Mrs. Devotion and family. My duty to my Mamma—tell her I will write the next opportunity and that I am most affectionately her obliged son

Mason F. Cogswell

Rev'd. James Cogswell"

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(1) Samuel Cogswell had graduated from Yale in the class of 1777. On July 1, 1777, he received a commission as 1st Lieutenant in Col. H. Jackson's "additional," afterwards Sixteenth and Ninth Massachusetts Continental Regiment, which wintered at and near Valley Forge in 1777-1778. In July, 1781, Samuel Cogswell appears as Adjutant of detached companies at West Point and by McDougall's garrison orders of Sept. 4 he was appointed a Brigade-Major of a Temporary brigade under Col. H. Jackson. Late in the following year, Nov. 12, 1782, he was appointed Deputy Judge-Advocate and held the office for several months.

"Yale in the Revolution" by Johnson

M. F. C. had a brother James, fifteen years older than himself, who was at this time living in Stamford, acting as Examining Surgeon of Volunteers for the Army. (1) James was married to Elizabeth Huntington Davenport of Stamford. M. F. C. either lived with his brother or with the Davenports, and this must have been the time when he decided upon the profession of medicine. A clipping from an undated Hartford newspaper says that M. F. C. studied surgery and medicine with his brother and for several years after being admitted to practice was located in Stamford. Brother James always seems to be spoken of in tones of admiring awe; while Sammy, the other brother, but seven years older than Mason, appears to be regarded as loveable and teaseable.

“To Revd James Cogswell

Windham

Baltimore, Nov. 1st, 1781.

Dear & Hond Sir—

I should consider myself as wanting in filial duty did I fail of using every method in my power of acquainting you with my circumstances—especially as I know the satisfaction it gives you to hear from any of your sons, let them be where they will—And the circumstance likewise of my being far distant I am sensible will not lessen but rather add to the satisfaction—in this view of matters I think I should be inexcusable in not writing, allowing the probability of your ever knowing it (as it really is) to be very small. A letter that arrived safe from Windham to Stamford or from Stamford to Windham is a *rara avis*. What then must be one that goes from Baltimore to Windham? Somebody must be better acquainted with Horace than I am to give it a good name—I have heard that whatever is far fetched is fine—This then may be considered another inducement that it may be said I have written one *fine* letter.

I wrote you just before I left Stamford and if you have ever recd the letter you may remember that I informed you of my intentions of going a journey southward. I am thus far on my way and expect to set out for Virginia. Mr. Sutton, the young gentleman who is with me (or rather with whom I am) truly deserves the compassion of every friend to humanity and the more so as it was his true earnest desire to be serviceable to his Country that reduced him to his present pitiable condition. It's nearer twelve months since he has been declining and I cannot perceive that he is any better than when he left home. I eagerly wish and impatiently wait for his recovery with all the anxiety of a near friend. It would give me the highest satisfaction if I could return him again to the embraces of his dear relatives. Nothing I am sensible is impossible to Him who has the disposal of all events. Our desires cannot avail—His will and not ours be done.

Whenever I return, if I have my health, I shall visit you immediately. I want very much to see my Mamma. My regards to her and the Doctor

(1) In 1779 while the war was still going on, the town voted James Cogswell liberty “to set up a smallpox hospital at the house of Capt. Reuben Scofield, and at such other houses not within one mile of the heart of the town, after liberty first obtained of the neighborhood; and all such hospitals to be under the inspection of the selectmen.”

“The History of Stamford, Conn.” by Rev. E. S. Huntington, A. M.

and compliments to my other friends. I must refer you to Mr. Devotion for politicks and assure you that I am, with growing affection

Your dutiful son,
Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell”

One would hazard a guess from this letter that M. F. C. was already apprenticing in medicine and that Mr. Sutton having lost his health in the Service had come under the eye of the examining surgeon, Brother James, and been sent south in the care of M. F. C. However, it is disappointing that M. F. C. did not consider it easier to placate his Reverend Father in Windham by descriptions of the war conditions in the country through which he passed than by the use of self-conscious phrases of affection.

* * *

“To Revd James Cogswell

Stamford, August 8th, 1782.

Dear & Hond Sir,

I have this moment recd my Brother's letter from Colonel Cusie. He is absent and I have taken the liberty of opening it. We are all well. hoping peace. The Marquise Vandruieil (if I spell it right Mr. Devn can tell) has arrived at the hook with thirteen heavy line of battleships, three Frigates and Sloop of War and two American Brigs. This I believe is true. They publish it in New York. There is likewise an acct in Revington's Gazette of a Declaration of Independance on condition that friendly Americans should have the losses they have sustained by the war made up. I rejoice to hear that you are better, that you are more at leisure and that Rockwell is desirous of remaining where he now is. If in New York my Brother may be of service in getting him out—I will tell what I am doing in my next letter—till then as I ever have been, I shall be as I now am

With increasing affection
Your dutiful son,
Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell”

* * *

To Mr. Mason F. Cogswell
Stamford

Windham, January 29th, 1783.

Dear Sir,

I have for sometime past with some impatience hoped for at least a line from you. If you considered how much satisfaction your letters give me I believe you would write oftener. Its much easier for you to write to me than for me to write to you as you are young and sprightly and have good eyes. Besides you have not got a variety of affairs to attend to nor so many Avocations. I observe your late letters are short because you had little previous notice, or your bearer is waiting, etc. You may prevent that inconvenience by taking a leisure opportunity and have Time Enough, and embrace your next opportunity of sending. I received a bit of Letter from the Doctor dated the 16th of December and one from Samuel dated the 22nd. In Samuel's letter he informs me he hopes to see me towards Spring at the Doctor's Wedding. If it was designed to be so soon I believe the Doctor would have informed

me of it before now: but I hope it will be deferred until the Weather will be pleasant and the Riding good in the Spring as it will be difficult for me to attend before and I should be glad to see my Children together Especially on so agreeable an occasion. I have no News of any Importance but what you will doubtless have before this reaches you. Your Mamma and I are about as well as usual and all our friends well as far as I know. Indeed it is a very unusual Time of Health which is Reason of great Thankfulness; and that the Ravages of War have ceased and there appears an increasing prospect of Peace is especially to Stamford and the Towns adjacent an additional Reason of peculiar Gratitude to the Great Disposer of all Events. I have no advice to give you with regard to your Temporal Concerns, thanks to a kind providence that you have generous patrons capable and willing to take better Care of you in those respects than I can. But it belongs to a parent to give advice in Matters of Religion. A faithful and tender parent cannot avoid it. I have no suspicion that you indulge yourself in any Vicious Practices. I rejoice in the good Character that you sustain and that your Temper and Conduct are not only irreproachable but amiable in the view of your acquaintance in General as well as your particular Friends. But my Son you are young and Youth is exposed to many Temptations—many besides to those of the grosser Kind. There are sweet and hidden Dangers, more refined as well as grosser pleasures which may alienate the Heart from God and Christ and Religion and consequently ruin the soul. Beware of all These; make sure of the Favor of God and an Interest in Christ as your first great Care. To you especially, to those to your age (I mean,) is that important Direction given, my Son give me thine Heart. Let no Business divert you from just Duties. Let the word of God be your favorite Book—meditate on it & pray over it every Day—look to God for the sacred, effectual Influences of the Divine Spirit to form you to ye Love & practice of real Religion; never leave seeking until you obtain satisfactory Evidence that you are born of God—in Heart & Lip a disciple of Christ, until you dare and will give your Heart, Name & Life to his Service.—Never Never be ashamed to profess, practice and vindicate the Religion of ye Gospel tho' in a Skeptical, Degenerate and Dissolute Age. I hope you have Dispositions this way but I would wish you to be and appear to be not a superstitious and singular but a serious and devout Man. I have been so lengthy in writing to you that I have not Time now to write to the Doctr. Give my Hearty Love to him and his little Daughter. Your Mamma joins in Cordial Love to you, him and all Friends. I am 'as ever, your affectionate Father

James Cogswell

My son; Mason F. Cogswell”

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“To Revd James Cogswell
Windham

Stamford, April 1st, 1783.

Dear & Hond Parent,

I recd your letter a few days since by way of Mr. Fitch dated the 29th of January and am rejoiced to hear not only that you and family are well, but that Health is so universally prevalent. I believe it is not less so here than with you. Very few are ailing and very few whose

countenances are not brightened with unusual Gladness. Health even in time of War and Slavery is a blessing but when accompanied with *Peace* Liberty and Independence it is doubly so and such is our Situation at present. With a contest of only seven years we have secured to us by Treaty the Blessings we have fought for, and a much greater extent of territory than we had any reason to expect. It is our own fault if we are not a happy people. Peace is what we have been long wishing for and we have it at length established—Accept my very best compliments with gratulations acceptable to Mr. Devotion. The news is great and I am sure must have affected him very sensibly—Perhaps it is only a report with you as yet, but you may rely on it as a fact. I was at West Point last Friday, His Excellency had it in a letter from the Minister of Foreign Affairs and likewise from the Minister of France. It has since been published in general orders. A person must be very unbelieving indeed to doubt the truth of it in the least. Sammy left the Point since I did and confirms everything that we have heard. Mr. and Mrs. Davenport both desire to be remembered to you and my mamma to whom I beg to be remembered most dutifully and most affectionately. I hope shortly to make you a visit. With compliments to all friends, I am, with affection

Your dutiful son
Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell”

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“To Revd James Cogswell
Windham

Stamford, Oct. 30th, 1783.

Dear & Hond Sir,

Since Peace, opportunities for sending letters have been much less frequent than before. I have several times heard of Dr. Hough's being in town but he has never been so good as to call and let me know it till too late. Captain Dorrance conveys this as far as Norwich. I have desired him to leave it at Mr. Huntington's from whence I suppose it will find its way to Scotland almost any day in the week. From what I told you in the spring I conclude you have been expecting Sammy and myself to visit you for some weeks past and we have both of us as long been expecting and endeavoring to do so but we have not been able and nothing more or less than the want of a sufficiency of that necessary matter which would make the *mare go* as far as Scotland has prevented our being able. Such has been the situation of this part of the country since Peace that not a man, woman or child but was as moneyless as a *Beggar*. No person however wealthy or however large the pocketbook could hire forty dollars on any emergency whatsoever. I have tried dunning in the first place and in the next borrowing but all to no purpose, there was none to be had for Love nor Money. But I never yet met with a disappointment that it was not in some way or other (if I wish to make it so) productive of good or at least that gave me no cause for rejoicing. Mr. and Mrs. Davenport have been ill for better than a fortnight. Mrs. Davenport in particular has been exceedingly sick. Her disorder is a kind of remitting Fever which has prevailed very much of late in this part of the State. Few people however have died with it. Mr. Davenport has had the same disorder but is getting better. In this situation of the family it would have mortified me to have been

absent even if any other person could have done as well as myself I would not on any account have given up the opportunity of being a Friend *indeed* because a friend was needed and they have both been uncommonly generous to me and I would eagerly employ every means in my power of returning them some reward. Consequently, I rejoice that I could not get any money, that I could not see my father, my other friends, etc., though at the time I confess I was a little chagrined. With my duty to my Mamma and love and compliments to Friends, I am, as ever,

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell”

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“To Revd James Cogswell

Windham

Stamford, February 7th, 1784.

Very dear and Hond Sir:

In the last letter which you wrote to my brother you were pleased to express yourself more warmly in my favor than I had ever heard you before. Pardon me my honored Parent if my *proud* heart swelled to a degree that cast a glow on my cheek which was repeated throughout the day as often as I recollected your favorable opinion. I think it is an observation of Sir Charles Grandison “that a man did not merit commendation who was not fond of being praised by the worthy.” Let it be whose it will, the observation is a good one and I should in some measure forfeit your good wishes did I not cheerfully consent to its truth.

I most sincerely lament that I have not been able to visit you before this. I hope in the spring or sometime in the summer to put in execution the plan I have been long laying. I expect soon to go into New York with my brother (1). I should have mentioned it to you before now but I have as yet been entirely passive, directed by my brother in every particular. I conclude he has written to you on the subject. It will be painful to leave my friends here and to go farther from you, but I shall there have something to do and here I have very little. I feel more uneasy on Sammy’s account than on my own. I hope, however, that we can find out some business which would be agreeable to him and then it will be to us. I am sensible there will be more temptation to particular vices than perhaps I have ever met with in any situation. But you and my Brother’s frequent cautions will I hope prevent my taking measures which would give pain to you both. My Mamma has a great share in my dutiful love. I want very much to see her. Bespeak her good graces for me. Once more I ask for a parental blessing on your dutiful and affectionate son,

Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell”

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(1) On December 19th, 1783, James Cogswell, M. D. had written to his father;— “I am going to New York soon, and if I can purchase medicine and get a store, shall move in.” To New York his brother Mason followed him (James Cogswell) in the summer of 1784 and after further training in surgery in the Soldier’s Hospital, he seems to have been taken into business with his brother in the summer of 1787. “Biographical Sketches of Yale College.”

"Mr. M. F. C.

Norwich, Dec. 3, 1784.

Queen Street No. 219 (1) Off Beekman Slip—New York.

Dear Mason—

Thanksgiving with a multitude of good eating and good drinking is gone. Yesterday was the festival and today the puddings with all their dimensions have disappeared. What a glorious thing it is, my dear boy, once a year to eat and to drink and to be crammed to bursting—to be six months at least in preparing our stomachs to swell, that a profusion may be loaded into them and then be six months in getting rid of the heartburn and indigestion occasioned by it—charming—charming. Then six months more in terrors for the severity of a fast, in contracting the stomach and dislodging the obstacles in the guts that they may grow into contact merely for want of something to dilate them. Good God! What a sight of pigs and geese and turkies and geese and gowls and sheep must be slaughtered to gratify the voraciousness of a single day. The whole world becomes a butcher's stall, that the hungry may be filled and the full, crammed to death.

Next Spring I promise myself the pleasure of seeing you among other friends who love and value you too.

Your friends, among whom I include my brothers and our family, would be glad to see and shake you with real cordiality,

I am, Dear Mason

Very affectionately,

Shubael Breed"

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"To Revd James Cogswell

Dear & Hond Sir—

New York, Jan. 16th, 1785.

One would suppose that in a place like this where a variety of incidents of a public and private nature are daily taking place, a person of common observation could not be at a loss what to say in almost any situation but the truth of the case is this as it respects myself. I am mostly at home and have very little opportunity of knowing what passes out of the particular niche in which I am conversant. Public matters in particular which are transacted here I don't know half as much about as I did when I lived forty miles from the place. Congress I know are sitting here, but I know nothing that they have been doing, indeed I believe they hardly know themselves as yet. And on the whole I believe I may as well mind my own business and let Congress and everybody else alone. I shall profit more I believe by attending to Electuaries than by endeavoring to find out what Congress or any other set of men are about.

A few days since I had a charming letter from Sammy. It was as full of fraternal love as yours always are of paternal affection. What a happiness it is to have such a parent and such a brother both so affectionate and both so able and willing to give advice! Whatever I ought to be I know that I am your affectionate and I hope in most respects.

Your dutiful son,

Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell"

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(1) In the Directory of New York City—1786—is found "Cogswell James Mason, surgeon and apothecary—219 Queen Street" so we may infer that M. F. C. lived with his brother. Queen Street has become Pearl, and Beekman Slip is Fulton from Pearl Street to the East River.

“To Revd James Cogswell

Windham

New York, June 9th, 1785.

My very dear parent—

I cannot bear the thoughts of being much longer separated from my affectionate Parent. Two long years have elapsed since I have seen you, and three, since I have paid you a visit. Half the time would be much too long, but it shall not be much longer before my designs shall be put in execution. That is, if my health be spared, I don't believe my brother Sammy is more strongly attached towards Windham than I am to Scotland. In thinking of you I often run over my whole tour with a great degree of satisfaction. I set sail from here, with a fine wind and agreeable company, on board of the Lady Washington (which is the name of Culver's boat) and in a little more than a day I arrive at the Landing where I am glad to see many friends and many friends are glad to see me. Then I call at Norwich and am much rejoiced to see Mr. and Mrs. Huntington and family, but my imagination will not suffer me to make a long stay here. I am hurried on with the utmost impatience until I get to Scotland. I dismount unto the front door and meet you in the entry nor do I know where I am till the tears of pleasure while I am hanging on your neck awaken me from my revery, and convinces me that I am not an inch nigher to you than when I first set sail with Culver and thus do most of our schemes of happiness fall to the ground, before we are ready to put them into execution. But I have no objection to this kind of foretaste. I receive no pain from the demolition of the castle and a considerable degree of satisfaction while it is building, but I am not content with this idea of happiness. There is too much selfishness in it, for no one partakes of the pleasure but myself. Whereas in the reality my vanity persuades me that many will be as much rejoiced to see me, as I shall be to see them. At any rate I will believe it to be so, until I know it to be the contrary.

The young gentleman who lives with us is at present in the country on a visit and I am confined very much. He will be back, however, soon and then I shall be more at leisure. Whether I shall come with Culver the next trip or the next but one or the next after that I cannot determine but I will say no more about it.

I hope my Mamma still loves me or if she have almost forgot me, I hope her affection will be renewed when she sees me. She has my most dutiful love but she has not more than constantly exists towards you in the breast of

Your affectionate son,

Mason F. Cogswell

P. S. Sammy has just arrived in town from New City. (1) He is too busy as yet to write, but I suppose he will do so in a few days.

To the Revd James Cogswell”

(1) Samuel Cogswell was prospecting by this time in Lansingburgh, New York, then called “New City.” Thus by approximately fifty years he prefaced the later inundation by Cogswells of the banks of the Hudson River.

“To Revd James Cogswell
Windham
Dear & Hond Sir,

New York, Oct. 14th, 1785

I was pleased with my late visit in every way but one, it was too short, and so I suppose it would have been, had I tarried till this time, but I really had not time to pay those visits which I ought to have paid. I was particularly disappointed in not having it in my power to visit Mr. Ripley. She says that she considers me partly in the light of a son, since the death of David. She really has an affection for me or she is a hypocrite, and that I almost know she is not. I believe I wronged my own feelings in not going to see her as much as I did her's, for I really esteem and love her. If I can get time before Sammy goes I will write her a billet and excuse myself; if not I wish she may know what my feelings are on the subject.

My Mamma's excellent cheese arrived in due season. I thank her for my past portions which are not inconsiderable for I am very much aware it surpasses even Gloucester or Cheshire. It really is far better than either of them.

As ever I am,

Your dutiful son,

Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell”

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“To Revd James Cogswell
Windham
Dear & Hond Sir,

New York, Nov. 27th, 1785.

Your affectionate epistle by Mr. Tracy, as usual, afforded me satisfaction. The kind admonitions which it contained though few, were most acceptable. I hope they will not be altogether without effect. I was well satisfied with your brevity, sensible that had it been consistent with your health and feelings, you would have written more. My brother (the Doctor) has been so busy among his patients (who grow more numerous) that he could not write to anyone, not even to a *Parent*. Sammy too, from his being sometime absent, has had as much business as he could attend to since his return, besides nursing his wife who is very well; (1) she was inoculated immediately on her arrival here, and in about nine or ten days broke out. She is now well, and will never be able to convince those who will not take her word for it that she has had the smallpox. She has not been very sick at any time. Both my Brothers and Sisters join me in filial remembrance to yourself and my Mamma.

Alice sends her dutiful love, (2) and your charming little grandson (3) comes to me and gives me four kisses, and in the best manner he can, lissps out his duty to his Grandpapa. I would write more were I not in reality as much crowded for time as perhaps either of my Brothers, but

(1) Samuel Cogswell married Mary Backus of Windham in 1784. She came dowered with the smallpox.

(2) Alice was the daughter of James' first wife and would at this time have been aged 8.

(3) James Lloyd Cogswell, born April 26, 1784, the first grandson in the family, and son of James Cogswell M. D. and his second wife Abigail Lloyd of Stamford.

I do not mean to take to myself, by saying so, more credit than either of them deserve. They are I suppose more excusable in epistolary omission than I should be. One has his wife to nurse, and the other his patients. I have neither of these, and should be inexcusable in not writing when I can. I wish to be believed

Your dutiful and affectionate son,
Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell”

* * *
“To Revd James Cogswell

Windham

New York, Feb. 10th, 1786.

Dear & Hond Sir,

Before this you have undoubtedly been informed that my Sister has a Daughter. (1) They are both, mother and child, very finely. I had a letter from Sammy, (2) yesterday. He is well. His partner, Mr. Selden, (3) is married very lately to a Miss Abbie Jones of Hartford. My brother (the Doctor) has gone up to Lloyd’s Neck to see John Lloyd, Jr., who is very ill.

Mr. Peartree Smith, (4) a few days since, charged me to be very particular in making his most affectionate regards acceptable to you. He was well pleased to hear that you were living.

As I ever wish to continue I am
Your dutiful and affectionate son,
Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell”

* * *
“To Revd James Cogswell

Windham

New York, July 4th, 1788.

Dear & Hond Sir,

While almost every one in the city is busy in celebrating the thirteenth Anniversary of American Independence, I retire from the active crowd and instead of eating and drinking and singing and attending to the noise of cannon and musketry, I seek myself in my shop to converse for a few moments with a Parent whose single approbation I should prefer to all the applause which is in their power to bestow. We have had much music today, of cannon, musketry, drums and fifes, with a variety of other instruments “of war-like sound” and a great number of troops in uniform performing the different military manoeuvres usual on such occasions. All this was animating. But still the real satisfaction was far inferior to what I have just now enjoyed in re-perusing your affectionate epistle which I received but a few days since. The former kept my passions

(1) Sarah Lloyd Cogswell, born January 6, 1786, daughter of James Cogswell M. D. and Sarah Woolsey Lloyd.

(2) Samuel Cogswell was in a mercantile business which apparently operated between Lansingburgh and New York. He makes chance remarks about riding to Fort Edward and about importations of wheat and flaxseed arriving in New York.

(3) Charles Seldom after his war career went into business with Samuel Cogswell at Lansingburgh. The firm name was “Cogswell and Selden.” In 1803 Selden was appointed one of the Regents of the University of the State of New York. Later he went into the Assembly and from 1808-1811 sat in the State Senate.

(4) A classmate of James Cogswell’s, Yale 1742.

constantly in a hurry and disposed them rather for admiration than enjoyment, whilst the latter has softened every one of my harsh feelings into affection, and prepared my heart with the reception of such social sentiments and dutiful impressions, as I wish ever to encourage when writing to a parent who has always been peculiarly indulgent. The advisory part of your letter I shall read over often with particular attention. I hope I may be benefited by it.

With respect to my southern tour, I shall not think of it without in the first place attaining your approbation. I am too young to settle in a place like this where there are so many old, established practitioners already. An old practitioner will always be preferred to a young one, on account of his age, if for no other reason. This being the case I think it best to imigrate, but I shall not do it in opposition to your wishes.

With the warmest filial attachment, I am,
Your dutiful son,
Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell”

* * *

“To Revd James Cogswell
Windham New York, August 6th, 1788.

Dear & Hond Sir,

I have the satisfaction of forwarding with this I presume a long letter from Sammy, which will I hope render mine more welcome and in some measure compensate for my laconism. In the magazine which I send you, you will find likewise an Epistle of Sammy's which I think a good imitation of Sterne's style.

I beg leave to congratulate you on the success which the eloquence, abilities and perseverance of our Federal members from this City have had in Convention. You have undoubtedly heard before this that our State has adopted the Constitution by a majority of five votes. As the whole city is Federal (a very few excepted), on the arrival of the news from Poughkeepsie the Inhabitants were perfectly inebriated with joy and their transports have hardly subsided as yet. Our Procession here in testimony of our approbation was perhaps the most splendid that America has ever seen. I send you a paper containing an account of it, but no description can do it justice. The mild conduct of the people was astonishing. Notwithstanding the amazing concourse of ten to twelve or perhaps fifteen thousand people collected together, not a single accident intervned to interrupt our satisfaction, and but one man intoxicated with strong drink through the whole day and he was with Shays in the Insurrection. He was kicked from the field and not allowed to return. If you have an inclination to know where your son walked in the Procession, I am pleased to tell you that I made one of the Phiological Society. It is the first institution of the kind ever established in America. I hope we may do honor to ourselves and be of benefit to others. The attempt I am sure is laudible, however unsuccessful we may be in the prosecution of our designs. With duty and compliments as usual, I am,

Your dutiful and affectionate son,
Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell”

* * *

During November and December 1788, M. F. C. took a trip through the New England States. He kept a casual diary of social happenings on this trip and through coincidence it was first read aloud to the Historical Society of New Haven, Connecticut, by Dr. Leonard Bacon in March, 1880. For during the Civil War and after the capture of Richmond one of Dr. Bacon's sons in the Union Army was instrumental in returning to Mr. Brock, a Southerner, a certain book which was desired. In the course of the acknowledgments of the courtesy, in the shape of newspapers, historical pamphlets, etc., sent to Dr. Bacon, there appeared a soiled and torn manuscript, which it was suggested might be of "local interest to Connecticut people." The strangest part of the story is that the diary was found among the papers of an old Presbyterian Divine, the Reverend John D. Blair, who preached for years in Richmond. He was a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian minister, born and educated in Western Pennsylvania, who had lived for thirty odd years in Virginia. How the diary came to Virginia is a mystery, for Mr. Blair was in no way related to Connecticut or to New England. In fact there is testimony that he never came further north than New Jersey. How the diary happened to remain undisturbed for many years is another mystery.

Extracts from this diary (1) have been edited by Ellen Strong Bartlett and printed in the Connecticut Magazine for October, November and December, 1899. But to fill in all possible gaps in the life of M. F. C. they are re-printed in these pages.

The first leaf (if no more) is missing. So there is no name on the diary to tell its author and it was only because of Dr. Bacon's exceptional knowledge of Connecticut State history that he was able to solve the riddle.

At the top of what we suppose to have been the third page we find the diarist recording that he "went to bed and slept luxuriously after supping plenteously on sweetmeats and cream pompion pie and bridal kisses." Then comes a date, 'Friday, 14th' with no mention of the month or year, but with the record "slept late in the morning on account of the wedding, made several morning calls—wished the bride more joy—got my horse shod and set out for Norwalk, where I made a cousinly visit and ate, drank and slept for nothing. In the evening called on Miss C—n, who treated me with friendly attention, unaffected smiles and sprightly wine—the last she gave with a good will. Rode to Greenfield and breakfasted with Mr. Dwight." This was the Rev. Timothy Dwight of Greenfield, Conn., who was a grandson of Jonathan Edwards and who was from 1795 to 1817 the light and the pride of New Haven. "Staid much longer than I intended to. I however forgave myself very readily when I considered the cause of the detention."

Dr. Bacon explains that "the pastor of Greenfield Hill was like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner in the power of fascinating even a wedding guest and holding him fast."

Our wedding guest escaped in time to dine at Stratford where he seems to have had friends, but found nobody at home, and thence he pushed on to New Haven. He makes no mention of the ferry across the Housatonic, but evidently the day was far spent before he was on the Milford

(1) It appears impossible to lay hands on the diary itself. It was given to Mrs. Catherine Ledyard Cogswell vⁿ Rensselaer by Dr. Leonard Bacon and last known of was in the Stone Cottage of her home at Burlington, New Jersey.

side of the river. "The last part of the ride," he says, "was solitary, as it was in the evening, but it was better calculated for reflection, I was drawing nigh to the seat of my former pleasures, the recollection of a thousand happy circumstances crowded round my heart and awakened some of its choicest emotions. In this way was the gloom of the evening forgotten, and the tediousness of ten long miles entirely lost." In this sentimental mood he arrives at New Haven, an hour perhaps after the Saturday sunset. "Unwilling to sit down and spend the remainder of the evening with strangers, grog-bruisers, etc.," he says, "I immediately went in pursuit of my old friend Leander, but he was, unfortunately for me, out of town on a tour of duty. Not satisfied with a single attempt, I repaired to Mr. H——s, and the very friendly reception I met with from everyone secured me as a guest. My portmanteau was sent for and I was made as happy as I wished to be. After answering all the questions that were asked me in as satisfactory a manner as I could, I retired to my couch and slept in peace."

Dr. Bacon failed to find a clue for "Leander," (1) but he feels sure that Mr. H——s was "Captain" James Hilhouse, then living at the head of Temple Street. Though still a young man, he was already eminent among his fellows citizens, and his house was always a center of hospitality. It was there, we may believe, that our traveler was sleeping that Saturday night.

"Sunday 30th, Attended Divine service in the afternoon at the Brick, and heard a solid discourse from Dr. Dana; in the afternoon, my old place of worship, the Chapel, was honored with my presence, where I was highly entertained with a sermon from Dr. Jonathan Edwards, from these words: 'In the day thou eatest therof thou shalt surely die.' The discourse was accompanied with good music." Thus far the diary has given us no mention of the month in which it was written, but looking forward for dates, we find that "Sunday, 30th" is followed by "Monday, Dec. 1st" Dr. Bacon took the trouble to examine the diary of President Stiles in the College Library, and was rewarded by finding therein that on Nov. 16, 1788, Mr. Morse, who had been called to the church in Charlestown, Mass., preached in the forenoon in the College Chapel, and that in the afternoon Dr. Edwards, pastor of the White Haven Church in the Blue Meeting-house exchanging pulpits with Dr. Wales, Professor of Divinity in Yale College, preached in the afternoon from Gen. 11, 17, 'In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.'

So the question of month and year is settled and a search in the town records of Stamford shows that on the thirteenth of November, 1788, David Holley and Martha Coggeshall were married by Col. Abraham Davenport (2) ; and thus the imagination may supply the missing beginning of the diary. Dr. Bacon goes on with the account: "Our traveler spent the evening at Dr. Stiles'," whose house (his official residence) was on the spot now covered by the College Street Church. He had a pleasant time that Sunday evening. His record is, "The ladies are the same as

(1) Through Jameson's "Cogswells in America," see page 243, I believe "Leander" was the Rev. Ebenezer Fitch, see footnote (1) on page 51 of this monograph. For the purpose of reference here, let me say he was tutor at Yale College and licensed to preach there in 1787.

(2) We may remember that James Cogswell, M. D., had married into the Abraham Davenport family in Stamford.

when I was last at New Haven, Amelia somewhat indisposed and consequently deprived of a part of her volubility. She was quite as agreeable, however, as she used to be. The circumstance of meeting Messrs. Fitch and Morse added considerably to the pleasures of the evening."

This "Mr. Morse" was no other than the "Father of American Geography," Jedidiah Morse, the father also of the inventor of the telegraph and "Mr. Fitch" (1) was then one of the college tutors, and was afterwards the first president of Williams College.

The diary goes on: "In the evening joined a party of about twenty couples at Mr. Mix's and danced till about twelve."

Dr. Bacon explains, "That was on Elm Street, next below the first Methodist Church. Devout old ladies have told me how they have danced in the ballroom there, which was at the eastern side of the house, on the second floor."

Again the diary: "I was never in a room before with so many good dancers, not an indifferent dancer in the room. Miss S——s, B——s, B——w, and E——s were alternately honored with my hand. I did my best to persuade them that I was a good partner. I retired to my couch with comfortable reflections and a good appetite for sleep."

Miss S——s is evidently Miss Stiles, a daughter of the president. Miss B——s is probably Miss Beers, but I cannot identify her. Miss B——w was perhaps a stranger. Miss E——s is Miss Edwards. She was Mrs. Johnson of Stratford, the elder sister of the late venerable Mrs. Whitney. Herself a grand-daughter of the world-famous theologian, Jonathan Edwards, who died president of a Presbyterian college at Princeton, her husband was a grandson of Samuel Johnson, the founder of the Episcopal Church in Connecticut, and president of King's (now Columbia) College in New York. Herself the daughter of the brilliant lawyer, Pierpont Edwards, her husband was the son of a more illustrious lawyer, William Samuel Johnson.

"The next day, 'Tuesday, 18th', our traveler records that he "breakfasted with Samuel Broome, was treated with hospitality by the whole family, and set out to Hartford with him."

The Triennial Catalogue of Yale College shows that Samuel Platt Broome graduated A. B. in the class of 1786; that he was admitted to the same degree in the college at Princeton the same year, and that he died in 1811. At the date then, of the journal before us, he was a graduate of two years standing; and we may be sure that there was not in New Haven a young man whose prospects in relation to wealth were so brilliant as his. For a considerable period, the firm of Broome and Platt was more conspicuous in the commerce of New Haven than any other. The two partners lived near each other in what we call East Water Street, where one of their dwellings remains to this day, and in those two houses there was probably more of the luxury and display of wealth, more of 'dash' and 'fashion' than anywhere else this side of New York. There was between the two families some alliance by marriage, and Mrs. Platt, whether daughter or sister of Mr. Broome, was celebrated for her beauty.

The road in those days for the two travelers was by Cedar Hill to North Haven and thence to Wallingford, where they halted for the night. Neither the 'Hartford turnpike', through Meriden, nor the 'Middletown

(1) See footnote (1) Page 23, also footnote (1), Page 51.

turnpike' through Northford, had come into existence. The next day they breakfasted at Durham, dined at Middletown, and about sunset arrived at Hartford.

"As soon as our horses were attended to we repaired to Col. Wadsworth's, (1) Broome with his compliments, and I with my letters."

Col. Wadsworth's house was on the spot where the Wadsworth Athenaeum now stands. It was the house in which he was born, and in which his father had lived and died—the Rev. Daniel Wadsworth who was pastor of the first church in Hartford, from 1732 to 1747. In his boyhood, he was apprenticed by his widowed mother, to Matthew Talcott, of Middletown, who was her brother, and to whom she felt that she could safely entrust the bringing up of her only son to the business of a merchant. Young Jeremiah Wadsworth learned that business well. He became a prosperous merchant in Middletown, trading largely with the West India Islands. Living with his uncle, whose wife was a daughter of Rev. William Russell and a grand-daughter of Rev. James Pierpont, he married the younger sister of Mrs. Talcott, Mehitable, (otherwise called Mabel Russell) and Middletown continued to be his home till after the beginning of the war for Independence. In 1777, he removed his family to the old homestead, and in that house in which his children were born his children were brought up.

By reason of his extraordinary ability as a business man, he became Commissary-General of the Continental Army, and afterwards Commissary-General, in effect, of the French Auxiliary army. In the last mentioned employment he continued till the end of the war; and thus instead of being beggared, as so many Revolutionary officers were by the bankruptcy of the Continental treasury, he found himself wealthy, perhaps the wealthiest man in Connecticut for, as having been the purchaser of supplies, he had accounts to settle with a government that could pay.

The relation of Colonel Wadsworth to those armies made his house on one occasion the scene of a memorable interview. In the summer of 1780, Washington, whose headquarters were on the Hudson, proposed to the Count de Rochambeau, then at Newport in command of the recently arrived French army, an attack on New York. Letters were sent to the French Admiral in the West Indies with a request for naval assistance from that quarter.

Meanwhile a conference between Washington and the commanders of the welcome but as yet useless French fleet and army was necessary. Just then it was that Benedict Arnold, who had been entrusted with the command of the fortress at West Point, attempted to consummate his crime. On Thursday, the fourteenth of September, 1780, Washington wrote from his headquarters to Arnold at West Point, "I shall be at Peekskill on Sunday evening, on my way to Hartford to meet the French Admiral and General. You will be pleased to send down a guard of a captain and fifty men at that time and direct the quartermaster to have a night's forage for about forty horses. You will keep this to yourself as I wish to make my journey a secret." Arnold was already in correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton at New York and he saw that the

(1) Dr. Leonard Bacon had married Miss Catherine Terry, daughter of the Catherine Wadsworth (afterwards Mrs. Terry) who appears in the diary as the good-hearted younger sister.

time had come to attempt the execution of his design. Washington began his journey on Monday, Sept. 18, and in his company were La-Fayette, Knox and Hamilton. They could hardly have arrived at Hartford before Wednesday, September 20. On their arrival in Hartford, they were received with military honors, the Governors' Guards and a company of artillery being on duty. Governor Trumbull, Colonel Wadsworth and other distinguished men met the great commander-in-chief and conducted him to the house of Col. Wadsworth. The French General, Count de Rochambeau and the French Admiral, the Chevalier de Ternay with their suits, arrived soon afterwards and were received with appropriate honors at their landing, and then the consultation was held at the house of Col. Wadsworth. It was from that house, after a day of anxious conference that Washington set out on his return to the Highlands, where during his brief absence, Arnold's treason had been exposed and baffled.

On with the diary: "We," says our friend, "were rather in our dishabilles, but 'twas no matter, we were travelers, and they were none of them in the habit of regarding a powdered head and a pretty coat as the standard of excellency—their tastes are formed upon better principles. After delivering our compliments and letters, we were about leaving them, but were prevented by their importunities to stay and spend the evening. We needed but little coaxing, we laid aside our hats and our whips and resolved to stay as long as they wanted us. The beautiful Miss H——ns, (Hopkins) the handsome Miss S——r, (Seymour) and the pretty Miss B——ll, (Bull), were of our party. Music, dancing and sociality constituted our amusements. Miss B——ll sang 'The Hermit' sweetly. I wished to accompany her with a flute, but I dared not tell them so. The bell rung much earlier than I wished and I left them when I would willingly have staid longer."

The bell referred to was the nine o'clock be'l, the old New England curfew, after which it was hardly good manners to prolong an evening call.

"Under date of 'Thursday, 20th', the diarist records that, after breakfast at his lodgings, he 'sat half an hour under the hands of the friseur' before going out to deliver his letters. He 'called on Mr. Strong and was much disappointed in not seeing Mrs. Strong. My feelings were prepared to meet an old friend, and to have them so suddenly checked by the information that she was so indisposed as to render her recovery doubtful was painful." In November, 1788, Nathan Strong, (afterwards Dr. Strong) had been for nearly fifteen years pastor of the First Church in Hartford, and was already one of the first men in Connecticut—the peer of Dr. Dwight, as he had been his college classmate. His ministry of forty-one years was terminated by his death, Dec. 25, 1818. Mrs. Strong was Anna McCurdy of Lyme. She had been married less than two years, and her life (as the diary intimates) was then coming to its close. Mr. Strong's house was the next door to Col. Wadsworth's, and there it seems our traveler had been invited to dine.

"We were soon seated at the table; our company consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth, Miss St. John, Misses Harriet and Caty, Messrs. D. Wadsworth, Samuel Broome, and myself. We were all cheerful; how could we be otherwise when the heads of the table were peculiarly so—her countenance as placid as a summer eve, and his full of benignity,

equally expressive of the goodness of his heart and the greatness of his soul. After dinner, the ladies retired to dress for a visit to Miss Bull, except Miss St. John, who was indisposed with a toothache. W——, R——, and myself, amused ourselves in the parlor with music until tea-time, when we followed the ladies. I was pleased with Miss Bull yesterday, but more so to-day. I trow she is a good girl. Immediately after tea we returned to Colonel Wadsworth's and spent the evening in a manner that was to me delightfully instructive. A circle of only five, we did not wish it enlarged. Not a single individual interrupted our converse until ten o'clock. Our subjects of conversation were various; we ran counter to all the rules of modern politeness; we did not, to my recollection, say a word about fashions or plays and such like matters, nor did we scandalize a single character through the whole course of the evening, but we acted in direct agreement with our feelings. Harriet has read a good deal and has reflected a good deal on what she has read. Hence she has many observations of her own, not eccentric, but pleasingly original. She has one of the happiest tempers in the world, and delights in making those happy who are around her. She speaks highly of many and ill of none. Add to these a happy talent of adapting her conversation to the company she is in, and it is not strange that she should be thought an agreeable girl. Although she is not a beauty, yet her countenance is beautifully expressive."

Among the Trumbull pictures in the Yale School of Fine Arts, there are five miniatures of ladies in one frame, No. 22. The date is 1791, three years later than the date of this journal. The first of the five is Harriet Wadsworth, and the painter has made her countenance beautifully expressive. Perhaps affection added something of poetry to the likeness, for the family tradition is that the painter was her lover. A monument in the parish church-yard of St. George, on the Island of Bermuda, bears this inscription:

To The
Memory
of
Harriet Wadsworth
of Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.
Who died in this Island,
Of a Consumption,
April 10, 1793,
Aged 24
Years.

"Caty is her younger sister, with a face as indicative of a good heart as a lamb's is of its meekness. She seems to possess all the virtues of her sister, but they are of a younger growth. She wants a little of that grace which enables Harriet to do everything to advantage; and a few more years will probably add to the list of her agreeables."

Catherine Wadsworth was at that time not quite fifteen years old. Her miniature is one of the five which I have mentioned, being directly under her sister's; and it shows that when she was in her eighteenth year, her face, still indicative of a good heart was in the full bloom of beauty; and on the wall of an apartment in my house is her portrait copied from the original by Sully.

"As for Daniel, he is a strange youth. With his pockets full of money, he had rather, at any time, sit down at home betwixt his two sisters and by some new act of tenderness call forth their affection toward him, than to be in the best and most fashionable company (best and fashionable underscored as 'wrote sarkastic') at the gaming table or in any place where he can spend his money in an honorable and polite way. (Honorable and polite again 'wrote sarkastic'). 'Tis true as it is strange; and furthermore he is warmly attached to the principles of virtue and morality, and really he is not ashamed of his God."

This 'strange youth' was so eccentric through a long life, and his family affections though he was childless, were so strong that in his old age he took the lead in building upon the site of what had been his father's and grandfather's home, the Wadsworth Atheneum, devoted to public uses, one part of it to the Connecticut Historical Society, another part to the Hartford Young Men's Institute, and another part to a Gallery of Paintings. Nor can I refuse to say of that 'strange youth' who loved his home so well, that the tender affection for his sister which is portrayed in what I have just been telling, lived in him to the last. Though he survived for more than fifty years that elder sister whose decay and death he watched in lone Bermuda, he never seemed to lose the freshness of his grief. Colonel Wadsworth, having served as Representative in Congress for three successive terms, from the organization of the government in 1789, died in 1804 of permature decay, the result of hardships and exposures in the war for independence. Madame Wadsworth lived to extreme old age and died in 1817. I saw her buried by the side of her husband, her grave being the last save one (or possibly two), that was made in the old burial-ground behind the Center Church.

The diarist describes Samuel Broome as "a lad of good sense but rather trifling at times. He possesses a talent at punning, and by occasionally throwing in a remark he prevented us from becoming too seriously sentimental." At a reasonable hour the diarist repaired to his lodgings, but did not resign himself to sleep till he had read from "Elegant Extracts," several pathetic and descriptive pieces which the ladies had commended to his notice, and on which his critical judgment coincided with theirs.

"The next morning, 'Friday, 21st' he set his face westward with letters and whatever else he had 'for the name of Talcott.' He went out to the Talcott 'family mansion on the hill' beyond where the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb now is. Approaching the house he was met by a 'venerable old gentleman' to whom he introduced himself as bringing 'letters from New York,' which, by the way, is the first intimation we have had of where he came from."

The 'family mansion' was at that time held by a son of Gov. Talcott, Chief Magistrate of his Majesty's Colony of Connecticut from 1724 to his death in 1741, a period of seventeen years. A sister of his was the mother of Col. Wadsworth. In the conversation which ensues after our traveler has entered the house and in which there is a hardly perceptible flavor of the medical profession, it comes out that his name is Cogswell and at last we know beyond a peradventure who he is.

"Saturday, 22nd, he was ferried across the Connecticut at an early hour and arrived at his father's house in the evening, where he had journeyed to spend Thanksgiving.

"Sunday, 23rd, attended divine service and was delighted both with the preaching and the music. My feelings before I entered the house, were attuned to harmony and the music which was uncommonly good, striking upon the already vibrating cords, prepared me in the best possible manner for the ensuing discourse from 'My son keep thyself pure.'

"Monday was a stormy day; and our traveler was all day at home. Tuesday he visited some old friends. Wednesday was stormy again and cold; and he spent most of the day with his father who was indisposed. But 'in the evening as a prelude to Thanksgiving'—so the journal tells us—"I went up and drank a mug of flip with Esq. Devotion and ate pompion pie with his wife.' How cold it grows! I am too dull to write in my journal—Perhaps the flip has run round my intellects, or, what is worse, the pompion pie."

"Thanksgiving Day—Thursday, 27th. His father, being too ill to officiate in the Thanksgiving service, devolved on him the duty of reading to the congregation and appropriate discourse or as he called it, 'preaching.' His desire to please a 'beloved parent' overcame his diffidence; and at the appointed hour, with the psalm book in his pocket and his printed or written sermon in his hand, he presented himself at church and told the elders what their pastor had commissioned him to do. His offer was thankfully acknowledged and he seated himself in the minister's pew. But 'a venerable sage' got up and led him into the deacon's seat. He was invited to go up higher, but the thought, 'Humble thyself and thou shall be exalted' kept him out of the too lofty pulpit.

"He perceived that nothing would be done without him and being requested to proceed he pulled out his psalm book and his hand trembled but very little. 'Let us sing' said he, 'the 97th Psalm', and he read it with a very audible voice. The music was fine; it had entirely dissipated his timidities and as soon as it ceased, he arose and if he had had one on, he would probably have stroked his band; but as he had none, he wiped his face with his pocket handkerchief, named his text and went on. Some people would have called it reading; but really, he acted the preacher to admiration, as he was afterwards told by numbers of the congregation. The exercises were closed with an anthem from Isaiah, 'Sing O ye heavens, etc.', which was most enchantingly sung. After church he repaired to his friend Devotion's and was treated with quite as much respect and attention as he desired. He drank flip, ate turkeys, pigs, pompion pies, apple pies, tarts, etc., etc., until he was perfectly satisfied. After supper he went home, gave thanks with his father, smoked a pipe for company's sake, bade the old folks good night, went into the kitchen, sung a number of songs to Polly and Betsey (his step-sisters), ate apples and nuts with them, and went to bed well satisfied with the transactions of the day."

"On Friday 28th our friend rides to Windham—dines at Maj. Backus's, where he finds 'pompion pies again in abundance'—then sets out for Lebanon in search of a friend whom he has already mentioned more than once under the apparently fictitious name of 'Orlando', but whom I cannot identify. He finds him—just where he wished to find him—at Mr. Porter's. There he had a delightful evening with Emily and Sophy, the daughters of Mr. Porter, and charming sister of 'Orlando' named Eliza. That Mr. Porter had been Gov. Trumbull's confidential secretary through all the war and therefore we are not surprised to find our friend saying,

'Miss Trumbull made us happy an hour or so with her company. Her person is elegant, though small; her countenance agreeably expressive and what is generally called handsome. Her first appearance is much in her favor. I will wait until I see her again before I say anything more about her.'

Miss Trumbull was grand-daughter of the old war governor who had died three years before, and daughter of the second Jonathan who became governor ten years later.

"Saturday, 29th, we walked, or rather, waded over to Col. Trumbull's and sat and chatted an hour with him; Mrs. Trumbull and Faithy all agreeable, the former peculiarly so—and the appearance of the latter, tho' reserved, such as inspires you with a desire of becoming intimately acquainted."

"Our traveler was hindered by the rain from proceeding to Norwich that day, as he had intended to, but at an early hour the next morning, (Sunday, Nov. 30th) he made the short ride. 'About half-past eight' he says, 'I arrived at Governor Huntington's, my former home, and the manner in which I was welcomed made it as much so as ever. Had I been an own brother Mrs. Huntington (1) could not have treated me with more tenderness and affection, and I never before saw the Governor so social and conversable.'

"Our traveler's ten miles ride that Sunday morning was not regarded as an excuse for absence from public worship. He attended divine service both A.M. and P.M., and heard two metaphysical discourses from Mr. King, and on the whole was well pleased with them—thought, however, he was a little out of his latitude."

Rev. Walter King was pastor of the Second Church in Norwich at the Landing from 1787 to 1811. He was contemporary in college with Dr. Mason F. Cogswell, though in a later class, 1782.

"In the evening, the Sabbath having ended at sunset, our friend made a call at Mr. Woodbridge's, where Clara and Hannah were as glad to see him as he was to see them, and 'paid more attention to him than to all the other gentlemen in the room.' But, in recording the fact, he checks the temptation to vanity by the consideration, 'they see me once in three years, and them they see every day.' Returning to his lodgings at the decorous hour of nine, he had time to 'converse an hour with the Governor and his lady' before retiring to rest. He remained in Norwich four days longer, visiting old friends with great enjoyment. On Monday, he records that though it was a dull and disagreeable day, 'twas sunshine in the house'."

"Refused several invitations to dine out, that I might eat turkey with the Governor. Thanksgiving not gone yet, for we had flip and pompion pies both. Drank several glasses of port, and was much pleased with several musical* anecdotes from the Governor.

"After visiting several old friends with much pleasure and drinking tea with 'Clara and Hannah,' he returned about eight and the last of the evening was equal to the first, Sammy and Fanny, so runs the record, 'have improved exceedingly since I last saw them, both in mind and manners'."

(1) As before noted, the daughter of M. F. C.'s step-mother, Devotion.

*Note. The word "musical" here was evidently used to mean amusing.

He was not aware of Sammy, of whom, a college graduate of three years standing, he made mention so familiarly, was to be, not many years later, Chief Justice and then Governor of Ohio—a state which in that year, 1788, had no existence even as a territory under territorial government, in which the earliest permanent settlement had just been made by a pioneer emigration from New England and which in 1802 was received into the Union, the first-born of the Ordinance of 1787.

The Convention about which our friend had a chat with the Governor was doubtless that which in the January preceding had given the ratification of Connecticut to the Constitution of the United States. Of that convention, Governor Huntington was a conspicuous member.

"Tuesday our friend 'breakfasted with Gov. Huntington; dines at Dr. Lathrop's; drank tea at Mr. Andrew Huntington's; and suppered with William Leffingwell,' returned to lodge at the Governor's."

"Wednesday dined at William Leffingwell's. Mr. L. was my classmate at New Haven. We chatted about old matters with much pleasure. Joa, sister to William, is a smart girl, or I am much out of my conjectures. She has a pleasing countenance, an expressive eye, and possesses good manners. Sam'l Huntington and Dan Lathrop were likewise of our party. A full grown turkey, and more pompion pie, etc., everything in nice order."

Old people remember the time when Mr. Leffingwell, residing in the old fashioned but stately mansion on Chapel Street at the corner of Temple, with a terraced garden which extended half way up to College street, was regarded as the richest citizen of New Haven. The last survivor of his immediate family was Dr. Edward H. Leffingwell. One of his daughters, Caroline Mary, was the wife of Augustus Russell Street; and the memory of her public spirit, as well as his, is perpetuated in the edifice and the endowments of the School of the Fine Arts, in Yale University.

A grand-daughter of William Leffingwell, Caroline Augustus Street, was the wife of Admiral Foote; and thus the old mansion, built by Jared Ingersoll before the Revolution, and in later times, the resident of Admiral Foote, came to be known by the name of the gallant admiral.

Mrs. Leffingwell was the daughter of the famed New Haven bookseller, Isaac Beers, and from her early girlhood conspicuous among the ladies of the college town, Joanna Leffingwell married Charles Lathrop.

The next day (Thursday) was like the other days at Norwich; breakfast with his "old friend and good friend Shubael;" "dinner with the Governor and his family" at Mr. Breed's, where Shubael and his wife were also present, and where the inevitable "Pompion pie" suggested the thought of how soon he should be beyond the reach of that New England dainty; an after-dinner call at Mr. Colt's; tea at Mr. Moore's; and the evening at Mr. Leffingwell's again "in a circle of no less than sixteen ladies, besides many other supernumeraries." To the record of all this, he adds, "About nine, went to my lodgings, proposed a plan to the Governor, and received his approbation, ate supper, smoked the calumet for the last time, and bade them all a good night."

On Friday, Dec. 5th, our traveler, having taken leave of Norwich friends, journeyed toward his father's home, by the somewhat meander

ing way for all his "uncles and aunts in Lisbon, Preston, and Canterbury;" and those uncles and aunts, with all the cousins, seem to have been the most loving and amiable people in the world. Arriving at Scotland parsonage again on Saturday, he was detained there by a storm which gave him time for reading and writing, and for "receiving lessons of divine instruction from the lips of "his affectionate parent." Wednesday, Dec. 19th, the weather having become propitious, he went to Mansfield for the sake of visiting two more cousins, whose amiable qualities he sums up by saying. "In short they are two Fitches, which is sufficiently explanatory to myself."

From Mansfield, the next day's travel brought him to Lebanon again. At Mrs. Tisdale's. in Lebanon, he had another "charming evening with all the ladies" and yet he took time for a call at "Col. Trumbull's" where he renewed his acquaintance with Daniel and Harriet Wadsworth who had just arrived from Hartford. The next morning (Friday, Dec. 12th) he walked over to Col. Trumbull's where he had promised "to call for letters." After an hour of talk with "the ladies and with Daniel" and "some time with the colonel." and much delight in the "paintings of his brother" whom we call Col. Trumbull, he set his face toward Hartford at about eleven o'clock, "in company," he says. "with a Mr. Pitkin from Farmington, with whom I was so much pleased in the daytime, that I went and tarried with him at his uncle's in East Hartford, Federal to a button. very civil and very hospitable. Crossed the ferry in the morning, and dined at Mr. Perkins' with Mr. Pitkin. After dinner, called and delivered letters from Harriet and Daniel, and engaged to return and drink tea with smiling Cate. and so I did and was made very welcome and very happy."

The next day being Sunday, our traveler "attended divine service at the North Meeting" and was much impressed with the sermons, especially with the afternoon discourse from a text which he remembered as that from which the sermon was preached at his own mother's funeral, "I was dumb. I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it." Mr. Strong was then passing through one of the sorrows of his domestic life. Already he had been once a widower, and his second wife Anna McCurdy, was then wasting with the disease of which she died three months later, at the age of twenty-nine. Naturally the sermon from such a text and in such circumstances, "flowed from the heart and reached the heart, especially of Mason F. Cogswell, to whom Anna McCurdy had been "an old friend." As evening came on, he recollected his "engagement to Mr. Wadsworth and Caty," and had a pleasant hour with them.

On Monday, he was occupied through the morning with "how-do-you-do visits and some matters of business," but after dinner, we find him paying his respects to Dr. Hopkins, and then "chatting physic with him an hour or so," then "galloping out to the hill" and rejoicing to find the invalids there (of the Talcott family) all better than when he saw them last. He "gallops back again and drinks tea with Mr. and Mrs. Wolcott,- a charming couple" whose happiness moves him to write, "I wish I was as well married, and anybody and everybody could say as much of me." The Dr. Hopkins with whom he talked on professional subjects, was in his day the foremost man of the medical profession not only in Hartford but, if I mistake not, in Connecticut, also one of "the Hartford wits," if not the most famous of them.

We may conjecture that Dr. Cogswell, a young man not yet settled in life, had in his thoughts, while talking with Dr. Hopkins, the "plan" on which he had taken the advice of Gov. Huntington before leaving Norwich; and that his "plan" was to establish himself in his profession there in Hartford. The Mr. Wolcott whose domestic felicity he so admired, was Oliver Wolcott, afterwards secretary of the treasury under John Adams, and in his later years, governor of Connecticut.

Just here the manuscript begins to be again imperfect. Some enterprising mouse seems to have meddled with it, and what remains of the last few pages is interspersed with many a hiatus valde defendus. I can make out that after tea with Mr. and Mrs. Wolcott the diarist "spent a social hour with —— and Julia Seymour, certainly a pretty girl, and —— a good one too," that he "called and took leave of —— at Col. Wadsworth's, that he was lodged that night at Mr. Strong's where he "attended particularly to Mrs. Strong's case and had a long and friendly conversation with her husband, pondering meanwhile (we may conjecture) the question of making his abode in Hartford, I find him proceeding on the next day to Haddam, and there "welcomed very sincerely by Theodore and Parson May and family"—thence, after a day's detention by storm, he comes to New Haven again, and finds the same hospitality which he had found four weeks before.

The last date on these torn leaves is Saturday, Dec. 19th. On that day, after "several morning visits"—additional to all the visits of the preceding day, he rode to Greenfield via Stratford, Victory, etc. It was seven o'clock in the evening, when he arrived at the house of the pastor, who was also the poet of "Greenfield Hill." He found himself "In the midst of a smiling circle;" and the talk by the winter evening fireside was cheerful and instructive. I can make out concerning the "four young ladies under Mr. Dwight's tuition" that "the expression of each was uncommonly fine—a loveliness of disposition, a benevolence of heart, and a sprightliness of thought were clearly discernible in every eye." Here we come to a ragged edge. The —— The last words are "If I can judge —— account given of them by —— Mrs. Dwight, and my own —— they are lovely girls, and on the high road to make —— husbands happy."

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"To Revd James Cogswell

Windham

Hartford, December 16th, 1788.

Dear & Hond Sir

You may be surprised to find my stay in the City so long, but I have the present object of my pursuit so much at heart, that I wish to do everything in my power to pave the way for the completion of my wishes in the Spring. I am now at Mr. Strong's. He has treated me with particular friendship, and has set before me the difficulties I should have to encounter and the probable prospects of success; and on the whole has given it as his opinion, that with application, attention to my business, and upright character, patience, etc., I may succeed. His situation, however, respecting the Physicians of this place are such that he does not wish to have it known. The candor with which he has treated the subject and the goodness which he seems to discover on all occasions has warmly at-

tached me to him. But I can say no more about him at present. I hope matters may so terminate that I shall ere long be more intimately acquainted with his wishes. Mrs. Strong is still very low, but there is evidently an alteration, and I really think for the better. Should you have an opportunity I should be pleased that you would thank Mr. Strong for his friendly attention.

Colonel Wadsworth is in New York, possibly I may see him there or on the road. Daniel I saw in Lebanon. His friendship would do all in his power for me. Still I must not determine until I get to New York. I cannot. I shall write as soon as I get home. My thanks and my duty to my mamma.

I am your affectionate and dutiful son,

Mason F. Cogswell

To Reverend James Cogswell”

* * *

M. F. C. does not give the reason this especial city was chosen, but why not because Hartford lay near to Norwich and he was the remaining unmarried son to look after his father. Hartford had neither the tumultuousness of New York, nor a group of practitioners already established. Hartford must have represented a very engaging face to one so fond of quiet social pleasures as M. F. C. It was at this time a city with a population of 4,000 people, the capital of the State and vying with New Haven as Connecticut's metropolis. Between the two cities ran two stages a week leaving Wednesday and Saturday. Each city had a weekly newspaper. In comparing the two cities one is led to believe that Hartford's atmosphere was more literary and less commercial than that of New Haven. Perhaps some of this tendency came from the more frequent communication with the outside world that Hartford had through its natural position as a stopping place on the road from New York to Boston.

But most probably it was due to that group of writers so long known collectively as “The Hartford Wits”—John Trumbull, its satirist after the fashion of Pope, and a lawyer in Hartford; Timothy Dwight, Yale's renowned President from 1795-1817, and author of “Travels in New England and New York 1798”; David Humphreys, then in the legislature at Hartford but earlier secretary to the commission of Jefferson, Franklin, and Adams, for making commercial treaties with the nations of Europe; Lemuel Hopkins, a practicing physician at Hartford and one of the founders of the Connecticut Medical Society; Richard Alsop, from Middletown, who was then keeping a book store at Hartford; Theodore Dwight, brother to Timothy and brother-in-law to Alsop, and later the secretary and historian of the famous Hartford Convention of 1814 which came near to carrying New England into secession; and Dr. Elihu Smith, author of our first poetic miscellany printed in Litchfield in 1793.

In fact these men had banded themselves together in the eighties and nineties as young graduates of Yale and while some of them were still tutors in the College or in residence for their Master's degree. They had three definite aims:—

(1) To liberalize and modernize the rigidly scholastic curriculum of the College by the introduction of more elegant studies; the belles lettres, the literae humaniores.

“To Revd James Cogswell

Windham

Hartford, January 2nd, 1790.

Dear and Hond Sir—

I am unwilling to suffer any direct opportunity of writing to escape, although I have but a few minutes to improve. I know it to be my duty to inform you particularly of every step of my advancement towards the so much wished for establishment and I feel it to my inclination. It will be four weeks this evening since my arrival in town during which time I have made myself known to most of the best Inhabitants, and they have treated me with more civility than I had reason to expect. I have already had several patients, which I am sure is several more than I had any reason to expect, however, this may be accidental. I will not flatter myself with too sudden success. My principal business, this winter, I presume, will consist in making myself known to the best people in this place and with my neighboring brother Practitioners within ten and twenty miles of here.

I have been fortunate enough to obtain lodgings in a very respectable family, in a central situation and where every individual of it are daily exerting themselves to make me comfortable and happy. I hope I shall give them no cause to repent of their endeavor to please. It is at Capt. Jno. Chenevard's where you may in future direct your letters. (1)

The keeping of a horse is considerably expensive here in the winter. and I think I can hire one whenever I want, for a trifle, and on that account I am not very anxious about procuring one this winter. I heard from Sammy (2) a few days since. Polly, the little ones and himself are very well. There are frequent opportunities from Windham to Hartford if any careful hand could be found to take charge of letters.

With much affection, I am,

Your dutiful son,

Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell”

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There is extant one recommendation for M. F. C. Inasmuch as it is not dated it may be put in here because the most probable guess is that it was in his pocket when he left New York to set up shop in Hartford.

“I hereby certify that I have known the Bearer Doctr. Mason Cogswell as a Practitioner of Physick and Surgry, with his brother in New York for some years past, and from my observations, am of Opinion that he is a young Gentleman of professional Information and Judgement and

(1) Until now letters had been addressed him “To the care of Mr. Frederrick Bull, Keeper of the City Coffee House, Hartford.”

(2) Sammy may have been well but his letter show him oppressed by his poverty. In 1787 he had written to M. F. C. for his Greek Testament & Lexicon, his Virgil, & his Goldsmith's “Deserted Village.” With these he had taught in a school at Lansingburgh and when there long nights in winter he had even gathered together pupils and taught singing.

conceive myself justifiable in recommending him to ye Confidence of those who may require his Assistance in the line of his Profession.

Chas. McKnight

Prof. of Anaty. and Sury."

Charles McKnight was Professor of Anatomy and Surgery at Columbia College, New York City in 1785. This may mean that M. F. C. studied at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, but it is impossible to tell since during the war years no records were kept of the students' names. Stephen Williams says that during the war there were no public lectures for medicine, except at Philadelphia, and these were naturally much interrupted by the events of the Revolution (1).

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"To Revd James Cogswell

Windham

Hartford, August 31st, 1790.

My dear and Hond parent—

In what manner shall I relate an event which has called for more resolution and resignation on my part than I have ever before had occasion to exercise; and which, when told, must ring your aged bosom with the keenest anguish? I would willingly do it in the gentlest manner possible, but your Religion and Fortitude I well know, will enable you to endure any trials, however, to which you may be called. Your dutiful son Samuel, and my beloved brother, is no more.

My heart is too full for utterance and I can hardly see to write through the vale of tears which I try in vain to wipe from my eyes. The circumstances, as far as I know, I will try to relate. A young gentleman by the name of Dickinson, an attorney, who boarded with him, and one or two other gentlemen went out with him a-gunning. As they were returning home through a footpath, their guns on their shoulders and Sammy in front, Mr. Dickinson following next, the latter stumbled and by some fatal accident discharged the contents of his musket into my brother's neck and head, and he lived but about half an hour after, without speaking a word. Such is the lawful Dispensation of Heaven, which has deprived us in an hour of one of the most dutiful Sons, and of one of the kindest and most affectionate Brothers.

My sister had been abed but three days. The shock threw her into convulsions and she remained in them when the messenger came away after Dr. Dickinson, father to the young man who shot him, and who resides at Middletown. Dr. Dickinson told me the information this morning. It was done on Tuesday last. I cannot proceed. My duty will call me to your arms the next week, if permitted by Him who orders everything in infinite wisdom. That we may all bow to His supreme will with a childlike submission is the prayer of

Your dutiful and affectionate son

Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell"

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(1) "American Medical Biography" by Stephen Williams, Published at Greenfield, 1845.

A Journal, and a Letter.

(In the Yale University Library at New Haven, Connecticut, and presented by The Misses Tully (1), 1896)

Hartford, Jan. 31, 1791.

Embarked in the stage this morning about 8 o'clock for New York. A few sighs of gratitude escaped me when leaving a place, in which I had received more civility, from the kindness, attention and friendship of its inhabitants, than in any other place where I had previously resided. A train of sober reflections occupied my mind for the first 6 or 10 miles; they were soon dissipated however, by the peculiar pleasantry and factiousness of my fellow passengers; they were 6 in number, and if they were not all of them *positively* agreeable, they were at least *negatively* so. Judge Lowel gave the tone to our conversation, and whether Divinity, Physics, Law, Philosophy, or the Belles Lettres were the subjects of conversation he alike evidenced the gentleman and the scholar. His knowledge seems to be wholly of the useful kind, and as he is very communicative, and intersperses thro' his conversation a variety of well chosen anecdotes, he is a most agreeable companion. Miss Seymour was the only lady who accompanied us. She seemed rather to take pleasure in hearing than in being heard; the pertinence of her remarks however, when did she speak, invariably pleased. Her presence cast a respect and a delicacy over all our manners, which rendered us more agreeable both to ourselves and to others, than we would have been without her. Her brother Harry gave us pleasure by a friendly, attentive and polite behaviour. Mr. Woolsey gratified us by reading Ossian, the Lusiad, (2) making his own remarks and attending to those of others. A sea Captain said but little, but when he did speak, what he said, generally produced a laugh and Mr. *Somebody* (a merchant, I believe), did nothing to render himself disagreeable—With these persons I traveled until I reached New Haven, where we were joined by Mr. Leavenworth, a well read sensible attorney. Mr. Woolsey left us at Fairfield and his room in the stage was taken up by a woman, and Morris Miller, a sprightly agreeable little fellow—the former left us at Stamford, the rest of us reached New York together.

The journey was as agreeable as the circumstances of cold weather and being much crowded in the stage would admit of—No singular occurrences, worthy of remark, took place the whole way. I saw most of my friends at New Haven and Stamford, and found them well.

On the second day of February I arrived at our former place of residence. After bidding Miss Seymour, the Judge and Harry adieu and wishing them a pleasant journey, I repaired to my brother's (3). I had been absent from him more than a twelve month, during which time our only

(1) William Tully graduated from Yale College in 1806. The following year he began the study of medicine with M. F. C. at Hartford. In 1826, Tully moved to Albany, N. Y. where he formed a partnership with Dr. Alden March. Later Tully became Professor of Materia & Therapeutics at Yale College. "Yale Biographies & Annals," by Dexter.

(2) Probably "The Lousiad" by Peter Pinder (William Wolcott) 1786.

(3) James Cogswell.

brother (1) has been snatched forever from us, and he is now my only one. These reflections, added to the caresses of my affectionate sister (2) and her lovely children excited a gush of tenderness which I could not resist. James, Sally and John by their endearing actions clung around my heart, and kept my affections constantly on the rally—How shall I feel if I ever have children of my own! I dare not indulge the anticipation. I just called at Mr. Watson's and Mrs. Vandervort's, received their welcomes, bid Julia and Mary another adieu, returned home, kissed the little ones once more and went to bed.

February 3rd arose betimes, and putting myself in order for the day, which was mostly taken up in delivering Letters, Money, bills of exchange which were entrusted to my care. I could not however omit calling on a few particulars, from all of whom I rec'd the most friendly greetings. Dined at my brother's. Paid a few more visits, and returned home to tea in company with Sir John and Lady Temple, (3) Augusta and my old friend Debby—the former was tolerably sociable; the latter said but little, sigh'd often, and evidenced a heart touched by sorrow. Misfortune has lain her hand heavily upon her, and she sometimes feels it keenly. I gallanted her home, called and spent an hour with Mrs. Smith and her lovely daughters with much satisfaction, returned home, visited a patient with my brother, chatted an hour with my sister, and retired to rest.

Friday 4th Breakfasted with Mr. Rogers. The first course at table was a dish of smiles and good humour. After breakfast I made several visits to those whom I love; among the rest I sat an hour with Mr. Flint and gave him as patient an account of his brother as I could with which he seem'd much delighted; and as 'twas a favorite subject I dwelt upon it with peculiar pleasure. Came home, wrote an hour in my journal and repaired to Sir John's where I had previously engaged to dine. Our company consisted of Sr. Jno, Lady Temple, Mr. Seers, Augusta, Messrs. Lloyd, Jarvis, Col. Cary and myself. We had a plain but elegant dinner and were all in fine spirits. Sr. Jno is the most sociable *deaf* man I ever knew—after dinner, Augusta charmed us with her music and the

(1) Samuel Cogswell.

(2) Mrs. James Cogswell, nee Abigail Lloyd.

(3) Until 1792 the English government had no envoy in America but only a consul-general, Sir John Temple. His father was Captain Robert Temple of the English army who came to New England in 1717 married Mehitable Nelson of Boston, and at his death left three sons. John was born in Boston in 1732, he became Surveyor-general of the customs and lieutenant-governor of New Hampshire. Just before the breaking out of the Revolutionary War he was recalled because of his sympathy with the colonists. He married a daughter of Governor Bowdoin and in 1786 succeeded a distant kinsman in the ancient baronetcy of his family. In the Annals of New York City for 1786 we find a notice which shows us the unsettling effect of his elevation to the baronetcy:

"February 13: The large elegant 3 story house in Queen Street opposite Beekman slip, now occupied by John Temple Esquire is to be let. It has 12 fireplaces, spacious cellars, a coach house and stables, sufficiently large to contain 2 carriages and 5 horses, under which is a cellar and icehouse."

Sir John died in 1798 and was buried in St. Paul's Church on Broadway. He left four children. The second of these, Elizabeth, married Thomas L. Winthrop of Boston. Her son, Robert C. Winthrop, and H. M. Sage of Albany have portraits of Sir John and Lady Temple presumably by Gilbert Stuart.

engagingness of her manners and conversation. Just at evening I made my bows and left them. Drank tea with Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap, called at Mrs. Browne's and Mrs. Vandevort's and at eight came home and spent the remainder of the evening with my brother, Sister and their children. Health is one of the first blessings and I enjoy it perfectly except that I have the *Rheumatism* in my right arm and shoulder, and it will remain until I shake hands less frequently, or with less cordiality. My lips too were very sore yesterday morning, but New York *lip salve* agrees with them so perfectly that they are now entirely well.

Saturday 5th. A stormy disagreeable day. My engagements notwithstanding must be fulfilled. Breakfasted with Mrs. Taylor and was most hospitably entertained. Called on Dr. Kissam (1), and had an instructive conversation with himself, his brother and Dr. Moon. We related our several experiences since we had been separated, and recognized our former pursuits with much satisfaction. Dined with Mr. Watson who had invited a number of particular friends to participate and promote the festivity of the afternoon. Our time was indeed snatched from us insensibly and the shadows of the evening were spread over us before we were aware of it. How much am I indebted to this hospitable family for their kindness, their attention, and numerous civilities! Eliza is the same mild tempered, contented, cheerful girl as ever. I wish her happy with all my heart, and doubt not but she will be. Left them about seven, spent the evening and supped at Mr. Broome's, came home at ten, sit an hour with my sister and went to bed.

Sunday 6th Breakfasted at home and accompanied my sister to Church and heard one of Dr. Roger's (2) old sermons. Dined at Mr. Moses Roger's in company with my friends Woolsey, Lloyd, Hopson, and Morewood, a charming family: Betsey has increased exceedingly in loveliness and Hester has grown where Betsy was when I left them; and Julia Ann is just such a child as I hope one day to have myself. Attended my sister again to church and heard an excellent sermon from Mr. McKnight (3) and was pleased with all but the singing. Drank tea with the Miss Grenobles who in spite of accumulated misfortune still preserve the sweetness of their tempers and smile at the hard hand of poverty; but the God who protects the widow and the orphan seems at last to be extending to them the hand of relief and opening to them brighter prospects. Called and sat an hour with Mrs. Stewart and mingled my sorrows with her own. The last of the evening I spent with my amiable friends, the Miss Londons, and although our pleasure was of the melancholy kind still there was a luxury in indulging it. For several years past they have drank deeply of the cup of affliction, and although it has mellowed their affections it has not in the least embittered their dispositions; they are the same daughters of cheerfulness still

(1) Benjamin Kissam, M. D. was professor of the "Institutes of Medicine" at Columbia College, 1789.

(2) Rev. John Rodgers. The church was probably the Brick Presbyterian on the corner of Beekman & Nassau Streets. This church had been built "in the fields" in 1768 and was considered as one body with its parent the First Presbyterian Church in Wall Street, having the same ministers, elders and trustees.

(3) Rev. John McKnight who was colleague pastor with Rev. John Rodgers.

and can light up in the hearts of their friends the genuine glow of complacency. I left there at half past ten without reluctance, came home and laid myself down with comfortable reflections.

Monday 7th Arose early, wrote in my journal and read till eight. Breakfasted with friend Woolsey. The weather is still stormy and disagreeable. Made as many visits, however, as I could, and attended to some business. Dined with my good friend Dr. Post, who was so obliging as to invite Dr. Mitchell on my account. The former is the same friend he always professed to be. Matrimony sits easy upon him, and his wife seems calculated to make him happy. They have everything around them to make them so, and why should they not be? The latter was far more agreeable than he formerly was. The wings of his vanity have been so often clip'd that he does not now attempt to soar beyond the sphere of ordinary capacities. His information (of which he certainly has a large share) seems to be much more of the useful kind, than that which he was formerly accustomed to bear about him. I was so well pleased, entertained and instructed by their conversation that I tarried till seven o'clock in the evening. On my return home I called and spent an hour very pleasantly at Effingham Lawrence's. He is agreeable himself and his wife is not less so. All around them seems to be in the high light of domestic happiness. That is as it can be in this bustling city. Came home fatigued and went to bed.

Tuesday 8th Awoke early and should have arisen if I had felt as I always do in Hartford, but the hurry, bustle, and fatigue of this noisy city threw my head upon my pillow and kept it there an hour longer. I was obliged however to get up and attend to my breakfast where I had engaged to get it. They are all a proud, conceited family. I cared nothing about them, and left there as soon as possible. Attended most of the forenoon to business. Excused myself from dining out that I might attend to Dr. Green, who has just married one of my good cousins. From what I have seen and heard of him, he seems to possess a considerable share of modest merit. I have no objections to the acquirement of such cousins-in-law. Miss Jane Ferris lives in a humble shed 'tis true, but in my opinion she possesses more real worth than many who are covered by Palaces. I spent an hour with her with much pleasure and made her promise to return the visit. Called and said how do ye at Parson Beecks, rec'd a very friendly invitation to come again, and walked over and drank tea with Mrs. Smith and her excellent daughter. Old times were strongly revived. We sung, read Hieroglyphicks, and did a thousand other things just as we used to do. At seven I left them for the less gratifying, but more substantial pleasures of the *Medical Society* (1) The respect and cordiality with which they all rec'd me, gave me a degree of satisfaction which I cannot easily describe. Party spirit, tho' still remaining, is evidently on the decline. At ten we all dispersed to our several homes. I sat an hour with my brother and sister and went to bed well-satisfied with the transactions of the day.

(1) In the New York Directory & Register for the year 1790 we find that M. F. C., James Cogswell, Charles McKnight and Benjannin Kissam were all members of the New York Medical Society.

Wednesday 9th Too stormy to breakfast out. Consequently sent my apology and staid at home. For the first time in my life had the Custom House officer after me. Soon satisfied him however. Another rap! Another Custom House officer perhaps—"Sir, your most obediently humble servant (explain'd a purse proud pettit martin, as I opened the door) I am extremely glad to see you. I hope you have been well this age. How could you keep yourself so long away from the delights of this splendid metropolis? How long do you intend to tarry with us and happify us with your company?" And twenty other questions all in a breath, without waiting for me to answer one of them. He went on, "I have invited a set of hearty lads to dine with me tomorrow and you must do me the honor to make one of our party, as 'twas solely on acc't that I have made the entertainment. Will you, my dear Sir? I am engaged until next Wednesday evening and on Thursday morning I leave town. I am really the most *unfortunate* dog in the world; I am compelled to bid a good morning." And in this instance, I am the most *fortunate* in getting quit of you so easily. I expected to have been plagued with you an hour at least. I had much rather be as poor as I am, than s proud as you are.

Dr. Rogers you are welcome after the unprincipled creature who is just gone. I will dine with you any day after Sunday that you will please to invite me. Called on a number of my friends and dined with Mr. Woolsey and his Excellent Mamma. Noble youth! may the rewards of a dutiful child be yours. The reflection of having provided a home for so good and so kind a parent must afford you such pleasures as crowns and sceptres cannot purchase. After dinner, called in at Mrs. Eliot's, to administer some consolation to the widow and the fatherless. I found herself and daughter with melancholy countenances, lamenting the loss of a husband and father. The former said but little; the latter convers'd with freedom and evidenced a degree of information much beyond her advantages. She has a beautiful countenance which seems to indicate a very good heart. I left them, promised to call again, returned home to tea with Mrs. Broome, Mr. Lloyd, a family party and had a most luxurious tete a tete about Hartford. Called at Mrs. Wheaton's and supped with Sanford and Phelps, returned home at 10. Sat till 12 with my brother and sister and went to bed.

Thursday 10th Breakfasted at home and in spite of everybody attended to business all the forenoon. Dined at my friend, Blakeley's in company with the landlady, a comely pleasant woman, a full-blooded Madeira man, two Nova Scotians, and a New Yorker. *Dear Hartford* was again the subject. They could all bear to hear its praises better than the New Yorker. He was afraid that *dear New York* would be eclipsed. Made several calls of ceremony and accompanied Mrs. Broome and my sister to Mrs. Smith's, and drank tea with her and her sprightly daughters. And here I had to answer a thousand enquiries about Hartford again, and everybody in it which I did in the best manner I possibly could. About 7, I gallanted Mrs. Wm. Smith home, left her after promising to call again when I had taken care of Mrs. Broome and my sister. And so I did and spend the remainder of the evening with her, Belinda (Mrs. Clarkson, I mean) and Peggy. Mr. Clarkson just came

in and went out again, so that I can say nothing about him. Mrs. Clarkson and Peggy are sprightly, sensible and good humour'd as ever. Mrs. Smith seems to be a placid, mild-tempered good woman. And Jessey is as musical as ever. We sung, chatted and fluted after 10, when I supped and wished them a good night. Came home and went immediately to my couch.

Friday 11th Arose at 7 and wrote till 9. Breakfasted and attended part of the A. M. to business. Called on Dr. Rogers and was treated by him with much affection and tenderness. Sit an hour with him and left him after promising to dine with him on Monday. Called and heard the debates of the Representatives and found a number of friends and Rec'd many invitations to dine, breakfast and sup with them. I promised to as many as I thought I could perform.

Dined with friend Sam'l Broome (1) and very much my friend he is. I wish I could say as much of his brother. However, I would sooner forfeit the good will of any man, especially one I deem a rascal, than sacrifice a title at the shrine of truth. Sam'l talk'd much of his wife and child, inquired much about Hartford, my prospects, etc. and treated me in every respect with kindness and civility. After dinner sit an hour with Mrs. Broome and her daughters. Polly has entirely recovered her health during my absence and Sally is a lovely girl. I was particularly gratified with her paintings and poetic productions. Her mind tho' young is elegant and matured in knowledge. I bade them adieu, called at Mr. London's, walked with Peggy to Mr. Farley's, left them and promis'd to return to tea "but there is many a slip between the cup and the lip." Mr. Blakeley, Mr. Penfield, and Mr. Colton were just stepping into a sleigh as I turned the corner to pay one of them a visit, and the sleigh is sometimes as good place to visit in as any other. I got in with them to ride about town and in a very short time we were whirled to the Five Mile House where with drinking mull'd wine, coffee, etc., and being very much on a frolic, we were so long detain'd that we did not return till 8 o'clock. I then repaired to Mr. Finley's with my mouth full of apologies, obtained a pardon for being run away with, and spent an hour with them most agreeably in rational conversation, music, etc. At half past 9 walked home with Peggy, sit till 1-, came home, chatted an hour with my sister in my brother's absence and retired to me bed and slept soberly the whole night.

Saturday 12th Made a bad promise and broke it. And I am the more reconciled to it from having heard an observation fall from the lips of a charming woman but a short time since to the effect "that the one who never err'd would only be admired; but that the one who err'd and ingenuously acknowledged the fault would always be beloved." Breakfasted with Mr. Watson with Mr. & Mrs. Jas. Davenport, and spent most of the forenoon with the latter, walking from one street to another, purchasing what we severally wanted. Dined at Mr. Moses Prosper's, with him, Mr. Lloyd, W. Cunningham, and my friend Woolsey—amused myself after dinner with the children in the nursery. Betsey gave us a number of tunes with her voice and Harpsicord and evidenced a great deal of improvement since I last saw her. Drank tea and spent an hour afterward

(1) See pape (24).

very pleasantly with Mrs. Wetmore and her brother. Prosper's taste is as good as ever, as appear'd from a number of pictures he had lately purchased. Spent an hour with him at the Post Office and the remainder of the evening at Dunlap's with his wife and brother William. His literary budget was opened and I was pleased with his poetical productions since I left town. He has a bold imagination, a sprightly fancy and a mind well stored with historical facts and enriched by reflections. And this is much more than can be said with truth of many of the young gentlemen of New York. Came home, drank part of a bottle of Porter, eat some bread and cheese, talked and laughed, read and wrote a little, and went to bed at 12.

Sunday 13th Arose early and employed myself in reading and writing till breakfast time. Walked to church with my sister, and was entertained by Dr. McKnight. Dined at Mr. Broome's in company with Sam Broome Woolsey, etc, etc.—accompanied Mr. Broome to the Church in Wall Street (1) in the afternoon and heard the same sermon from Dr. Mc Knight which I had heard in the morning. I was not mortified however as it would bear repeating. Had he more animation he would be an excellent preacher. We had a pew full of music. Mrs. Broome set them the example and all her children attended their voices to the praises of their Maker. After church I called at Mrs. Vandervort's to enquire how they all did and found them much better. Came home and sit till sunset. Walked to Mrs. Smith's, drank tea with the ladies, and engaged myself for the morrow evening. Left them at 8 and called at Mr. Watson's and suped. Mr. and Mrs. Davenport added to the agreeableness of our circle and a very agreeable two hours we had. I left them all at 10, came home, sit an hour with my brother and sister and went to bed.

Monday 14th Arose at 7 and wrote till 9. Breakfasted and attended to some matters of business until 11 o'clock. Called and sit half an hour with Lady Temple and Augusta, another with Judge Hobart, Parson Backus, and then repaired to Dr. Rogers where I was engaged to dine. Our company consisted of the Rev'd Doctor and his Lady, the Medical Doctor and his Lady, a very pretty woman Mrs. Bayard, the Dr's daughter, and Miss Ledyard. (2) The Dr. treated me with much affection and tenderness. He has long been in the habits of friendship with my father and always considers me as the son of his friend. I consider him as *a good man* and his smiles of approbation are worth securing. I was most pleased with the behaviour of the whole family. The young Doctor and Mrs. Rogers are a charming couple, and seem to be formed for each other. I wish them as happy as a union of *hearts* and *hands* can make them. Mrs. Bayard seems a sensible woman and she certainly is a well bred woman, and everybody who knows Miss Ledyard will say the same of her. My time in short was happily spent until 4 o'clock when I left them to rig myself for the evening, and at 6 o'clock I placed myself before Miss Sally Smith as her humble servant for the evening. After tea a coach was called and we were soon whirled to the

(1) Probably the parent church, the 1st Presbyterian, rebuilt in 1748 and "standing with cupola and bell in the upper end of Wall Street, the north side of the street, near the Broadway."

(2) Very probably the future Mrs. M. F. C.

Assembly room, to make a small part of Mr. Picking's public; and verily a *public* it was; for there was a *quantum sufficit* of Hairdressers. Milliners, Ladies of the town, good bad and indifferent, great and small, Merchants, Lawyers, and Doctors in mixed abundance. Nothing but confusion the whole evening. If I had not been blessed with one of the very best partners in the room it would have been intolerable. But as it was I spent the evening very pleasantly. With the bow dance I was much delighted which was performed by twenty-four scholars with elegance. At 1 o'clock I attended my partner and her sister home, repaired to my own and deposited the fatigues of the day and night on my pillow.

Tuesday 15th Slept till 9 and was called up to breakfast. As I was not so fit for society as I sometimes am I devoted most of the forenoon to business. At the coffee house I found a *few* who were glad to see me and *many* who were ostensibly so, but who really cared nothing about me. Dined with my friend Flint, who had invited Blakeley because he had invited me. Soon after dinner Mr. Blakeley left us and then we had a conversation about *old times* and *new ones* worth an engagement I had made to drink tea with the Ladies. However, "better late than never" is always true. I left one friend and found several at Prosper's. The Miss London's, Prosper, Caty, Brothers, Sisters, etc. I was very happy while with them. At 6 walked home with Peggy. I wish she had a good husband for I really think she deserves one. I had engaged to sup with Dr. Port and could not sit down with Peggy and Hannah. I found the Dr. with his sweet little wife enjoying themselves in the true stile of domestic happiness. "Derby and Joan" said the Doctor (as I entered, ay, that I, when shall I find my Joan with whom I can be thus happy). And it was not strange that a pretty deep sigh escaped me as the thought took hold of my mind. I tarried with them till 11, and I would have tarried till 12 if I had not been afraid of finding all our folks in bed. I left them, came home, and slept quietly the whole night.

Friday 18th And not a word have I written since Tuesday night. So incessantly have I been employed that I really have not had time. Many incidents have occurred, which, if well told, would embellish a journalist's page. But I have not time, even to try. I am out of patience with this confused place. I cannot even see those I love and the longer I stay the worse it is. Give me dear Hartford I say. On Wednesday I breakfasted at Mr. Penfield's, dined at home, from a particular invitation drank tea at Mrs. Smith's and spent the evening at a family party at Mrs. Broome's and was most agreeably surprised. On Thursday breakfasted with Sir John Temple. Dined with friend Effingham Lawrence, and drank tea with Mrs. Rogers. After tea I gallanted her and Miss Bogart to the City Assembly. The evening was intensely cold but agreeable notwithstanding. Not equal however in my estimation to *Hartford* in several respects. Danced till 12:30. On Friday I lay in bed late and broke my fast at home. Dined with Mr. Penfield in company with Judge Smith, Col. Ward and Mr. Blakeley. Drank tea at Col. Wm. Smith's and I spent the evening promiscuously. Came home at 11 and went to bed.

Saturday 19th A very stormy day. Remembered my engagement however, which I would not have done if it had not been to a very good friend. I accordingly breakfasted with Mr. Flint, finished the conver-

sation begun on Tuesday last, and left him to finish my business. Dined at my friend William Woolsey's in company with Judge Lowell, our old Stage companion, who had arrived the evening before from Philadelphia from whom we rec'd an agreeable account from our friends in Phila. Drank tea with Woolsey, with Miss London, her sister still indisposed. Made several good-bye visits and returned home to my brother, sister and their lovely children. Sat with them till 10 and went to bed.

Sunday 20th As I had spent so little time at my brother's since I had been in town and as it was the Sabbath I determined not to go out. My cold prevented my attendance at Church in the morning. In the P.M. I attended with my sister at the old place and listened with pleasure to the Rev. Dr. McKnight. After Church I called and bid a number of my friends adieu, drank tea with Mrs. Stewart in company with Miss London and her brother, Sam'l, who had just returned from sea. Soon after called and rec'd the adieu of Mrs. Broome and family, Penfield's, Watson's Woolsey's, Mrs. Rogers', etc., and spent the remainder of the evening at my brother's. At 11 I left them with my best wishes, rec'd theirs and set my face towards the stage house. I went to bed about half past 11. But on account of frequent disturbances I slept but very little, and on

Monday 21st. was called up at 5 o'clock to jump into the stage with eight other passengers (viz) Miss Ledyard of Hartford, an old lady belonging to New Rochel, Judge Lowell, his friend Mr. Jackson from Boston, Mr. Clark a Canadian, Mr. Wales, Mr. Fitch, and a French gentleman. The old Lady left us at New Rochel, and her place was supplied by the facetious Col. Barton and Col. Somebody else. Our time passed away very agreeably without any very singular adventures or common stage *incidents* and arrived safe in the evening at Stamford, the end of our journey for the day, where Miss Ledyard and myself had determined to spend a few days. We found our friend very well, very happy and very glad to see us. I ran around, shook hands with some and kissed others, returned to Maj. Davenport's, (1) jumped into a warm bed and slept luxuriously until I was summoned to breakfast in the morning about 9 o'clock.

Tuesday 22nd As soon as we were washed and combed, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Holly, Mr. Smith and myself put ourselves into a sleigh and in about two hours found ourselves in Greenfield. The good Doctor (2) and Lady were from home. We helped ourselves to what we wanted, drank tea at Dr. Rogers' and spent part of the evening at Mr. Bradley's, where the Dr. on his return found us. The remainder of the evening we spent delightfully and instructively. The pleasure of the afternoon was much heightened by the circumstances of meeting with Miss C——n from Norwalk. She is socially a sweet girl. I hope from the bottom of my heart her wishes may be gratified. He is an amiable character and every way calculated to make her happy. N.B. This Journal is in Doctor Cogswell's own handwriting.

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(1) Probably Abraham Davenport, the father of James Cogswell's wife.

(2) Rev. Timothy Dwight—see Page 22. In fact Dwight wrote a partly idyllic and partly moral didactic piece, intitled, "Greenfield Hill." It emanated from this country parish, 3 miles from the Sound in the town of Fairfield, Connecticut, where Dwight was pastor from 1783 till 1795 when he became President of Yale College.

EPISTLE TO A LADY

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“To Revd James Cogswell

Windham, Conn.

Hartford, March 10, 1791.

Dear & Hond Sir—

For about two months before I set out for New York, I was constantly endeavoring to find a time when I could visit you consistently with my duty to myself and my patients, during which time we had a fire in Hartford, at which several persons were badly hurt. I had at the same time a child in East Hartford which was terribly scalded and required much of my Time and Attention. Indeed I had not time to write or to look out for opportunities to send. On the last of January I set out for New York, and returned but a week since on Saturday night. Some account of myself while absent will now very naturally follow; and in the first place I have never traveled in the stage when the Company, both going and coming, and where it depended wholly on accident, was so very agreeable. The sleighing was likewise good both ways, which not only took off the fatigue of traveling, but rendered it delightful.

I found my Brother, Sister and their children, which are very lovely, all well. Colonel Broome and family were likewise very well. Polly had regained her health surprisingly. Indeed my friends in New York were all well, and treated me with great kindness and hospitality. I dined once with Dr. Rogers who was peculiarly tender and affectionate in his behavior and requested of me to make mention of him to you with his best respects. Indeed I was obliged to breakfast, dine and sup out so often with my friends, that before I could get away I sighed for those tranquil scenes to which I had ever been accustomed in Hartford. I had no time for reflection; and if I could have had, my mind was not in a situation to profit by indulging in it. I could not but agree with the poet who said “The death of reflections, the birth of all woe.”

I feel more and more rejoiced that I am away from that noisy tumultuous City. I find even here temptations sufficient to invite one from the time of their duty. But there they are crowded upon you from every quarter and in every possible shape. I say again, I heartily rejoice that I am removed to such a distance from them.

I do not mean by this to consider myself as secure in Hartford. I well know that I am always surrounded by temptations let me be where I will, and that I am constantly in need of the advice of my friends, and the influences of restraining Grace to preserve that temper of mind which is peculiarly necessary for my well being here and hereafter. The advice in your last letter came to my feelings with impressive force. I have often felt myself in danger, from the same quarter which has excited your apprehensions, and I believe I have as often endeavored to

be on my guard. Wherever I go I well know I am treated with uncommon attention and kindness; especially by those who are distinguished for their talents and their goodness; I have especially experienced this treatment in Hartford; beyond my deserts I am certain.

My dutiful love to my Mamma, if to be assured of my affection can be any compensation for all her kindness to me, she has it without reserve. And believe me with fervent affection,

Your dutiful son

Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell'

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"To Revd James Cogswell
Windham, Conn.

Hartford, Oct. 24, 1791.

Dear & Hond Sir—

Your letter by Mr. Huntington was safely handed me.

Mr. Rudd I accidentally came across yesterday, negotiating the business of the Bell. I rejoice that you are in a fair way to have a good one in Scotland. It certainly is a very fine Bell, as far as we can judge by ringing it on the ground, and Mr. Rudd is determined to get it to its destined place without cracking it. He says he should have no doubts on the subject, if so many attempts had not already been made and failed.

You desire me in your last to give you some account to the Sickness in New York. (1) From My Brother I have heard nothing; for he writes me no oftener than he does you, but from one of my medical correspondents there I have received some account of it though not a very particular one. The disease which has prevailed there has been of the putrid kind, but not so mortal as had generally been reported in the Country. Some days, however, there were as many as a hundred and thirty persons died. It is now very much abated. I have repeatedly heard from my Brother while it has been raging, by our merchants who have been in with their fall goods. They all speak in highest terms of his reputation. They say that he had as many patients as he could possible attend to, and that among those who had the epidemic he had not lost one. I can hardly believe it, although numbers have told me the same story. His business is constantly growing better, and his reputation increases with his business.

My own business has been very considerable for several months past; particularly since I saw you. We have had a Fever of that bilious kind prevailing here this Fall but in general it may be called a healthy season. The late explosion at the Powder mill has given me one patient which has employed much of my time and attention for three weeks. More than half of my time was taken up with him. My other patients crowding at the same time have prevented my writing to any person,

(1) There was an epidemic of yellow fever in the United States 1792-1805.

even to a Father. Still I have lost but one patient since last February. The means which I have been led to use have been remarkably blessed. In that respect with a great many others since I came to Hartford, I have every possible reason of Thankfulness. Not a day passes but I have most abundant cause for rejoicing. It affects me much at the time and I hope I shall never be insensible to such benefits.

Remember me, I pray you, my kind Parent, in your prayers at the throne of grace and believe me, most affectionately,

Your affectionate son,
Mason F. Cogswell

To Reverend James Cogswell”

“To Revd James Cogswell
Windham, Conn.

Hartford, December 28th, 1791.

Dear & Hond Sir—

Mr. Flint sets out for Windham this morning, and I cannot but write a few lines by him, although I can write but a few.

When the circuit court set in the town, Mr. Baldwin, an attorney in New Haven, showed me an account against me, which was put into his hands for collection by the Steward of New Haven College. The account is upwards of seven pounds and I can hardly believe that I owe it. Have you not a receipt in full from him? It appears strange to me that he has not demanded it before. I wish you, Sir, to write me all you can recollect on the subject.

I heard from my Brother this day, by a person who saw him. He seldom or never writes me. My sister lately broke her collar bone but is doing well. I hope you will write me a few lines by Mr. Flint.

Mr. Earle is now in Hartford. Should you be willing that he should come to Scotland and remain there a week or so until he could partly take your portrait and then finish it in Hartford? (1) I wish you to let me know. I can write no more than this, with my duty to my Mamma. I am in haste.

Your dutiful and affectionate son,
Mason F. Cogswell

To the Rev'd James Cogswell”

There is a portrait of James Cogswell as the unmistakable Dominie, owned by Miss Weld of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia. No signature can be found on the canvas. As to Earle himself, M. F. C. later describes him as “a mighty plain peaceable man.” Beyond that we know R. Earle painted portraits in Connecticut in 1775 and in Charleston, S. C., in 1795; his full length portraits of Dr. Dwight and his wife are in Copley's manner, with black shadows. Earle was among the Governor's military guard, marched to Cambridge and Lexington, made drawings of the scenery in both places and outlined, perhaps the first historical com-

(1) The original suggestion had come from James Cogswell, M. D. who in October, 1791, had written from New York to M. F. C. in Hartford:—

“I wish you could prevail on Earle to take my father's likeness.”

positions in America; they were engraved by his comrade-at-arms, Doolittle. Earle studied with West, and returned to America in 1786. He painted many portraits in New York and more in Connecticut. According to Dunlap, he had "facility of handling" and caught likenesses well. He painted Mrs. Alexander Hamilton in 1787. Earle being in difficulty and imprisoned for debt, General Hamilton induced his wife and others ladies to sit to him in prison, and thereby secured his release.

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"To the Revd James Cogswell
Windham, Conn.

Hartford, March 15th, 1792.

Dear and Hond Sir—

My last visit though short was a very satisfactory one. To be left in the full possession of your Cheerfulness and to enjoy so good a state of Health at so advanced a period of life, especially when we remember the portion of Headache with which you have been so long afflicted, must be considered as a very great Blessing. My heart, while reflecting on the subject, swells with affection, and if ever it is moved with gratitude to its Creator, it is then. The state of my Mother's health to as being much better than in last winter gave me much satisfaction, and it is my earnest Prayer, that you may both preserve that serenity which you now enjoy, until, resting from your labor on Earth, you may fall asleep in the arms of Jesus and awake in the bosom of your God.

Our friends in Hartford anticipate much satisfaction from your visit in June or July. I hardly think you can make so long a visit as I think you ought without spending one Sabbath. If you do not wish to preach, it will not be insisted on. At least, I presume it will not. Besides Mr. Earle cannot complete the Portrait in three or four days, which will be all you can spend if you do not tarry over the Sabbath. I wish you to very much. I promise so many visits for you in and around Hartford, that it will be impossible for you to finish the whole in any time, much short of a fortnight.

I heard but a few days since from the Doctor and his family who are all well. I have heard likewise from Polly since her arrival at Lansingburgh. She had made her friends very happy by visiting them. She intends returning by the way of New York as soon as the approaching Spring shall open the river.

My dutiful love to my Mamma and a suitable remembrance to my other Friends. With much affection I am

Your dutiful son
Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell"

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"To the Revd James Cogswell

Hartford, April 23rd, 1792.

Dear and Hond Sir—

To convince you that I have not been wholly unmindful of you I enclose a letter which I wrote about six weeks since, I believe. I put it with the one to Major Backus, which I will thank you to forward as soon as

possible to Mr. Keyes at West Division. He went his journey and forgot the letters, and I have but just got them again. I now send them by the way of Norwich, as I know of no direct conveyance to Scotland and perhaps might not in a month.

I have lately received a letter from Ebenezer Fitch, (1) acknowledging an attachment for Polly and requesting my approbation which I have most cheerfully given. I cannot but consider it as a most providential provision for Polly, especially at this time.

I heard, this day, that my Brother and Family were well, a few days since, not by letter, but by message. He is not, I am told, even remotely injured by the numberless failures which have lately happened in New York. (2) In haste and with the warmest affection, I am,

Your dutiful son,

Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell”

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“To the Revd James Cogswell

Windham

Hartford, July 15th, 1792.

Dear and Hond Sir—

Last evening your favor of the 11th instant was handed me, Mr. Swift is in town and has just told me he is going to Windham in the morning. I will improve a few minutes which I have in writing to a Parent who deserves more from me than I shall ever be able to bestow.

June and July are generally the healthiest months in the year and I intended if could not come to Hartford to have gone myself to Scotland, and if Mr. Earle had been at leisure, to have taken him with me. But although the season has by no means been a sickly one yet I have been more engaged than during any preceding period since my arrival in Hartford. Several cases of importance, mostly in surgery, around and in town, have employed my whole time and attention. I do not think it probable that I shall be able to leave home now until sometime in the fall, after the sickly months are over.

Mr. Earle has lately been engaged at Windsor in taking Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth. Possibly I may bring him with me. How should you like it? He is a mighty plain peaceable man.

I cannot thank you sufficiently for your parental advice and good wishes; I read over your letters often and dwell upon them with delight.

(1) Mrs. Mary Backus Cogswell, so persistently mentioned as Polly, married in May, 1792, the Reverend Ebenezer Fitch, the son of Jabez and Lydia Huntington Fitch, and the cousin, early playmate, and college classmate of Polly's first husband, Samuel Cogswell, who had died in 1790. The tradition is that Mr. Fitch made the offer of marriage to the beautiful Mary Backus about the same time that she received a like proposal from Mr. Cogswell, neither being aware of the other's intentions. She chose Mr. Cogswell, but being bereft of him, she accepted Mr. Fitch who later became the distinguished president of Williams College and incidentally had a son called Mason Cogswell Fitch.

(2) About this same time James Cogswell, M. D. was writing from N. Y. to his father in Windham:—"We are all in confusion in the city. A few persons by endeavoring to monopolize bank stock at six percent have occasioned an almost universal bankruptcy amongst the dealers in stocks. The evil will be felt a long time here, and extend its influence throughout the continent."

I know it to be my duty to marry as soon as I can, and my inclination, in this instance at least, urges me to a compliance with my duty. But this is a business the success of which, differing from most others, does not depend even upon the most unremitting exertions of industry. 'Tis my most anxious wish to present you with an amiable and lovely daughter; and you may rest assured that no exertions of mine shall be wanting to accomplish so desirable a purpose.

The subjects upon which you congratulate me are of great importance; more especially the last. The abolishing the slave trade in England, must I conceive pave the way for a general abolition throughout Europe. The light of knowledge and the Gospel seems to be spreading over the whole habitable globe. God grant that its progress may be wonderfully accelerated, and that the sweet season of Peace so emphatically spoken of in the History of Truth may approach on the swift swing of time, and shed its sacred influence from the rising to the setting sun.

I am sorry that my Mamma is still not well. You say she is stomachless. Perhaps she is tanning the bark. If no I would suggest the propriety of it in some form or other, especially during the warm months. I think it must be of service to her. My dutifull love accompanies my advice.

With much affection, I am
Your dutiful son,
Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell"

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"To the Revd James Cogswell

Windham

Hartford, September 20th, 1792.

Dear and Hond Sir—

I have just been writing to my Brother, though I hardly think he deserves a letter, as I have written him several without receiving any answer. He always was lazy about writing to his friends, and now that he is very busy he is still more so. In my letter to him, I made a proposal which I very much wish he may comply with, as I am very sure you would be particularly gratified by it. The proposal was this—that my Sister (1) should accompany Mr. Chenevard, who is now in New York, to Hartford, and I will then carry her to Scotland, etc. But I much doubt whether she will come. She will not like at present to leave her Family so long as she must do in order to make the necessary visits in her absence. At any rate I intend to come myself but how long it will be for, I cannot determine. Time and circumstance must determine. I intend coming, if I am not disappointed, in about a fortnight or three weeks. when I shall if I can spare time, make a short visit to my Norwich friends.

I enclose you an oration of my friend Theodore (2) spoken, as you

(1) Elizabeth Davenport, wife of the Doctor brother, James Cogswell.

(2) Theodore Dwight was by profession a lawyer, but spent most of his life editing newspapers in Hartford, Albany and New York. While practicing his profession he was always busy writing different satires in prose or verse.

will see, the Fourth of last July. It is a hasty production, (every word of it being written between ten o'clock and nine o'clock the next morning) still the genius and disposition of the man are, I think, pretty clearly discerned. He was married to a Miss Alsop (1) of Middletown a fortnight since last evening, and is now on a visit to his friends in New York and Greenfield. This I consider as a very broad hint to myself, especially as he is reminding me of my duty every day or two. And this is not the only good example that is set me. They are constantly marrying and giving in marriage all around me. My eyes are open to the subject and I really will take all lawful means in my power to obtain for you a good daughter-in-law. My brothers before me have presented you such good ones, that I should be mortified to furnish one which I thought inferior to theirs. Therefore I pray that a little longer time be granted, and if I do not obtain a good one ultimately, I will get as good a one as I can.

My duty to my Mamma and Polly. I hope to see both of them shortly. And in the meantime, I am

Your dutiful and affectionate son,
Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell"

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"To the Revd James Cogswell
Windham

New York, December 15th, 1792.

Dear and Hond Sir—

Your very consolatory letter of the 3rd instant by Mr. Lathrop I have received and it has given me more satisfaction than I can express. I cannot now reply to it particularly. I will do it when I arrive at Hartford. At present I have only time to let you know that I am very soon to return to Hartford. I was in no danger of ever wishing to reside in New York, before I received your letter. But if I had determined to come here, your letter would have altered my determination. I am now the only prop of your declining years and I cannot think it my duty to place myself in a situation, where to comfort and support you, will be almost out of my power. This is all I can say at present about it.

My sister (2) bears the shock with as much fortitude as any woman can. Her reliance is on Heaven. Her friends have done everything they

(1) Theodore Dwight and Abigail Alsop were married September 9th, 1792.

(2) James Cogswell, M. D. died in New York of yellow fever contracted while performing the duties of his profession.

His tombstone in the church yard of Christ Church, Manhasset, L. I., bears the following inscription:

"Here repose the mortal remains of Dr. James Cogswell, who died the 20th of November, 1792, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

He was a Patriot, actively engaged as a member of the Staff of Washington in the great struggle for Independence.

A Philanthropist deeply interested in all the benevolent movements of his time. One of the principal originators of the New York Dispensary System, also of a Society for the Relief of Distressed Debtors, and of the First African School established in New York.

He was a devoted Christian exemplifying the religion he professed by a consistent life."

could for her, and it is impossible I should be treated with more tenderness than I have been. My heart has been torn with a thousand distressing reflections. Pray for me my kind Parent, that this afflicted dispensation of God's Providence may be sanctified to me for my spiritual and everlasting good.

Mrs. Cogswell will write you as soon as she can. She desires to be most affectionately and dutifully remembered to you. The children are very well and desire a remembrance. In haste and with more tenderness than ever, with my most dutiful love to my Mamma, I am,

Your dutiful, affectionate, and only son,

Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell”

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“To the Revd James Cogswell

Windham,

Hartford, January 26th, 1793.

Dear and Hond Sir—

When I left New York, my Sister was as much composed and reconciled to her situation as anyone who was under her pressure of afflictions could be. Since then her cup of sorrow has been again filled, and she has been obliged to drink it. Her brother, John Lloyd, Jr., the principal Proprietor of the Neck, died very suddenly about three weeks or a month since. I have not heard the particulars of his death; nor have I heard how she supports this second afflictive dispensation of Heaven. She has however a mind that is disposed to acquiesce in the government of God, and believes that the judge of all the Earth cannot but do right. She has all the consolation that the sympathy of a very numerous circle of friends can afford her; and this not merely in expressions of kindness, but in acts of the most disinterested friendship. Dr. Nichols, as soon as he was dead, went home and wrote a letter to my Sister and told her, if it would alleviate her sorrow in the least, or could in any degree attribute towards lightening her cares, he would take her youngest son, John, and adopt him as his own, and that if James should ever choose the profession of his father, he would take him at a proper age, and give him his education. Mrs. Broome will probably take Harriet who was named after the one she lost about two years since, and Sally, she will wish to keep with her wherever she may be. James, I shall take myself and do the best I can by him. I have prevailed on Mrs. Coll to take him into her family which is a very suitable one for him. I shall write this evening for him to be sent up to me immediately. Alice, you know, Sir, is provided for in her Grandfather's will. Besides she has two excellent uncles at Stamford. Immediately after my Brother's death there was a subscription opened for the children and several subscribed very liberally. How it has issued I know not. Thus does God provide for the Widowed and the Fatherless, and in this way heals the wounds which in his Providence he has seen fit to inflict.

'Tis conjectured by my Sister's friends that Mrs. Lloyd will return to Danbury to her mother, who lives there, and that my Sister will go to the Neck and keep house for her Father. I think it highly probable, as he is old and quite infirm. She will then have a home and I think will be as contented as she would be in New York.

Mr. Lathrop, when I saw him in New York, told me that you preached a funeral Sermon the Sunday after you heard of my Brother's death. I wish much to see it. If you have no objections, I will thank you to enclose it to me the first opportunity you have and after perusing it, I will send it back.

My Mamma always shares in my dutiful love but my affections lately have been so strongly exercised that she now has a double portion of it.

I intended to have written much more than I have done, but patients coming in have prevented me until the mail is almost closed. So that I can only say that with all the ardour of affection, I am,

Your dutiful son,

Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell"

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"To the Revd James Cogswell
Windham

Hartford, April 4, 1793.

Dear and Hond Sir—

A considerable time has elapsed since I have heard from you either verbally or by letter. Perhaps you may have expected to see me and have omitted writing on that account; I fully intended it before now; but since my return from New York, the traveling has been such, and my business has been such, that it has been almost impossible for me to leave Home and as my business now is and probably will be, I do not think I shall be able to come before the General Election, when I hope to have a visit of some length from you. I was averse from having you visit me the last Election, but that was on supposition that you would return the same week. I have now a different plan in view, which I hope you will not object to. You have a number of friends in this part of the country who wish to see you, and have requested me to visit them with you the next time you visit me. Now my plan is this; that you come prepared to spend one Sabbath with me, it will be optional with you whether you preach or not; though I confess it would gratify me very much to hear you. Mr. Strong and Mr. Flint both wish it very much; Mr. Marsh of Wethersfield likewise, and many others. I cannot but repeat it and hope you will not object to the plan.

About a fortnight since, my Brother's eldest son James, whom I have adopted, arrived here from New York. I feel the importance of the charge, and hope I shall be directed to do what is right in superintending his education. He is a very fine boy and if his faculties are well directed I doubt not but what he will make a fine man.

I had a letter a few days since from Mr. Fitch; who informs me that a few days before he wrote, Polly presented him a fine Son, (1) and that she was very comfortable. A most affectionate and dutiful remembrance to my Mamma and Polly concludes me,

Your dutiful and only child

Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell"

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(1) Ebenezer Fitch.

“To Revd James Cogswell
Windham

Hartford, December 2nd, 1793.

Dear and Hond Sir—

Your letter of the 21st of October I duly received containing a very gentle reproof for not writing you oftener, at the same time assigning apology for my remissness. Indeed I have been very busy for four months past; it has been much more sickly than usual here and in Wethersfield, in the latter, especially. The fever which has commenced with inflamatory and terminated in Putrid symptoms has proved mortal in many instances in Wethersfield, but in few here. It has abated now and I have less to do. This however has not been my only reason for not writing. The stopping of the stages from this to Norwich renders opportunities there as seldom as to Scotland. I have begun one letter to you and conveyance failed me. I have had no other chance of sending till now, and this I espouse with eagerness. Mrs. Jones is going as far as Canterbury and will bring back a line for me if left where he will leave this. I fear it will not be in my power to visit you very soon; I expect to be obliged to visit New York on account of the settlement of my Brother's estate; if so, I cannot be in Scotland till sometime in the winter.

I will thank you to present my affectionate regards to John Devotion and inform him that I have submitted his Elegy, which was lent me by Fanny Huntington to the inspection of the Poetical Club in and around Hartford, and it has universally met their approbation. It is certainly a production of too much merit to be read only by a few. The editor of the American Poems wishes to obtain his permission to publish it in his Second Volume, and I hope his modesty will not induce him to withhold his consent. If he wishes to inspect it before publication and has not an accurate copy by him, I will enclose this copy which I have, to him, at any time.

Tomorrow we shall probably know who are the successful candidates for Congress as the Governor and Council are now at Middletown counting the votes. From the remissness of the Freeman (1) in this and the western part of the State in attending Freeman's meetings we very much fear here that Swift will go at last. However, if he should, I believe the kindly chastisement he has received will do him some good and make him a better member than he would have been without it. When he was last in town, at the sitting of the Circuit Court, he spent an evening at Mr. Dwight's and expressed great sorrow for having treated me as he had done; and from what he said, I conclude he intended to have spoken to me on the subject; but the attorneys roasted him in such a manner that he was obliged to leave town in about forty-eight hours from the time he came in. He said he could stand it no longer.

I have lately heard from both my Sisters, they and their little ones are well. James finds his duty. I enclose a sample of his writing. I think he has improved very fast. I hope you will write a line by Mr. Jones. With the warmest affection, I am,

Your dutiful and only son,
Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell”

(1) Voters with Rights of Citizenship.

To the Rev'd James Cogswell, DD

Windham

Hartford, January 29th, 1794.

Dear and Hond Sir—

I returned last evening from a very cold ride of about ten miles which I had been to perform an operation on a child in a very critical situation, and happily succeeded. I should have not gone in the present state of my practice if it had not been a case of life and death, and there was no one around here who would perform the operation. On my return I find your two letters brought by Mr. Dorrance, whom I met in the street before I got home. He told me he should go out of town immediately or in the morning. Soon after I met Dr. Backus who told me he should not go till very early in the morning. Last evening I was almost sick for want of rest. Now I have risen with the day to write until Dr. Backus calls.

True, my kind Parent, I gave you encouragement that I would come and see you soon and I fully intended to long before now. But I cannot resist the decrees of Providence. It's very singular that immediately after the Governor left Hartford I performed an operation which involved the most serious and alarming consequences. For twelve or fourteen nights in succession I slept in the room with the patient without once plucking off my clothes. That case was succeeded by one accident and that by another and another in such quick succession that it has been impossible for me to leave town a single day unless in direct opposition to the most positive calls of duty. I have felt extremely anxious on account of Betsey Breed and nothing short of the circumstances I have stated would have prevented my visiting her before. I certainly shall leave home as soon as possible, and hope I may be an instrument in the hands of Providence of doing her some good.

In answer to your first letter, I hardly know what to say, I wish my heart was a more yielding one than it is. I find it sometimes so unwilling to do as it ought to that I cannot believe but that it must be a very bad one. On this subject I hope to converse with you soon.

I thank my Mamma for her affectionate remembrances. Her love for me is not unfelt, or unreturned by her dutiful and affectionate and your only son,

Mason F. Cogswell

To the Reyd James Cogswell"

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"To Dr. M. F. Cogswell

Hartford, Conn.

New Haven, Aug. 29, 1794.

My dear Sir:—

I this moment rec'd your friendly letter of the 20th inst and cheerfully comply with your request. That we have a malignant putrid disease existing among us is a fact, that it has in the greatest number of instances where it has happened, proved fatal is also a fact. That it is a contagion specifically different from the epidemic that for months past has prevailed is acknowledged I think by every physician in New Haven but one. But we do not unanimously agree from whence it has origin-

ated. Like the Phyladelphia Physicians we split upon this one question whether it has been imported or not. I think whenever we have been requested to attend the meeting of the Authority and the question has been asked—Is it imported, or not, we have been divided about equally. I confess my opinion has been invariably given that it was not Imported, but it appears to me of little or no consequence. The material questions are how shall we prevent its further spread and relieve those already infected. As to the rest we are taking every precaution as you have doubtless in part learnt by a hand bill published the 13th Inst. We have in addition to that hired a set of nurses who are to live by themselves when not on duty and who are not to have intercourse with the Inhabitants at large. As to the second, we have I believe used too much one invariable mode of treating the patient. We are forming a Coalition among the Younger Practitioners that is all that I care anything about, and we intend to risque our reputation upon what appears to us a rational practice. We have begun to exercise the lancet and have I think in several instances seen good effects result from it.

I thank you for your skeleton. I could only borrow it and that only for a few minutes. I have not tryed him enough either to approve or condemn. I will remit you agreeable to orders and depend upon punctual payment.

I am, my Dear Cogswell,
Yours with cordiality,
Jno Backus”

“Bilious remitting yellow fever” had such a strong hold in Philadelphia that Trenton, Baltimore and New York posted handbills forbidding communication with the plague-infested city. However, “the malignant, putrid disease” spread widely. Since the medical men lacked any exact knowledge of it, every conceivable thing was tried as a cure. One day, garlic would be put in the shoes, another, a great bag of camphor would be hung around the neck, on another, believing in the efficacy of gunpowder, everyone who could buy or borrow a gun loaded and fired it from morning till night. There was a mania for blood letting. Often enough the sufferer would be bled as many as five times a day and there is record of one case where 72 ounces of blood were taken in as many hours from a patient.

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“To the Revd James Cogswell

Hartford, December 14th, 1794.

Dear and Hond Sir—

On returning to my office the day before yesterday, one of my Apprentices presented me a letter, left about an hour before by Dr. Gager. The well-known hand awakened all my filial tenderness, and prepared me for the satisfaction which I always experience from possessing your letters. I seated myself and broke the seal without a check to my feelings; but when you informed me you had received no letters from me since your return from Hartford, my heart sunk within me, to think that you should suppose me capable of neglecting you so long. I know

not now by whom I wrote; probably by someone who, accused of keeping the letters so long, has destroyed them, or carried them so far that you will never hear of them. Indeed it is very difficult to find any person who is going nigh Scotland. When the Governor and Fanny were in town on their return from Norwich to Middletown, although they came in town on Saturday afternoon, I did not know it till Monday morning, when meeting Fanny in the street I promised to call and see her and the Governor. But immediately after, I was called out of town, where I was confined with a patient in a very critical situation, till they left town; and so it is with me half of the time. My sickness confined me about a week. I was pretty severely attacked but by plentiful evacuations and the assistance of a kind Providence, I was soon restored to health, and enabled to enjoy my happiness as usual.

You very tenderly urged me to procure a partner for life. I feel the importance of such a step and wish for its accomplishment, with as much fervency as any one can. I should then have many more incitements to do good, and less temptation to do evil. I know not how far distant the period may be, but my constant prayer is, that you may live to see it accomplished; for I should consider your benediction, at so critical a period of my life, as of more importance to me, than the good wishes of all mankind besides.

We have had so much sickness here this fall that I have not even thought of paying any other visits than professional ones. But we are now much more healthy and I think every day of visiting you. My present plan is, to take a pony the first sleighing, take in James with me and away to Scotland. If the snow should not come, I shall come alone.

I enclose you a sermon of Dr. Dwight's just published. I think it must have a tendency to do good. The arguments appear to me wholly conclusive.

It is shooting at random to prescribe for a patient without seeing them or going into a treatise beyond the limits of a letter. A strong syrup made of hoarhound, Coltsfoot and Spikenard, with spirit enough to preserve it, may be safely used and is sometimes very efficacious. The toddy at bedtime may be very proper. If I could find her pulse, I could tell better, and with my best love, assure her that I will do it as soon as possible.

My dutiful love to my Mamma. If she can do without bleeding till I come, I shall have in my pocket a very sharp lancet.

Captain and Mrs. Chenevard and all the household desire very affectionate remembrance,

As ever, I am,

Your dutiful son,

Mason F. Cogswell

To the Revd James Cogswell"

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In August, 1799, the Reverend James in Norwich received a letter from M. F. C. announcing that he was engaged to marry Miss Ledyard of whom we have already heard. (1) We have also the bit of gossip that he fell in love with her when they met at a ball in Hartford. She was wearing a white dress, which she herself had trimmed with cherry blossoms. Whether this was before or after the New York meeting we do not know.

In the year following M.F.C. wrote his father that the marriage day had been set and hoped that he would be present. To which James Cogswell replied: "The Day which you have prefixed for your marriage is the same Day on which the Governor has appointed the Fast and I fear the people would Dislike if I should be absent on the Fast and Sa'le both as I might be if I agree to your proposal. Would it suit you and your Lady to change?" But apparently it wouldn't for on April 24, 1800, James writes again to M. F. C., "However by the newspaper to-day I see you are married to your Mary, as you call her a little impolitely."

Through the faithful Jameson we find that Mary's grandfather was John Ledyard, who came over from Bristol, England, and is first known of as a Teacher of a Latin School in Southold, Long Island. However the Revolutionary hero in the Ledyard family appears to have been Colonel William, an half uncle of this Mary Austin's. He it was who in 1781, after a brave and hopeless defense of Fort Griswold against superior numbers, was slain by Major Bromfield the commanding British Officer, who thrust back into Ledyard's heart the sword he was tendering in surrender.

William Ledyard, the traveller, was also of this family. In the year 1771, when he was nineteen, he had floated down the Connecticut River all the way from Hanover, New Hampshire, one hundred and twenty miles, in a canoe which, with Indian help, he had burnt out of a large tree. This particular feat was in rebellion against studying for the ministry at Dartmouth College. He went through life trying to rid himself of all shackles of responsibility and conventionality so by the winter of 1787 was sufficiently freed to accomplish the stunt of walking around from Stockholm to St. Petersburg all the way on the ice.

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Before we gather up the thread in M. F. C.'s next letter of 1809 to his wife, we must post ourselves on the rising generation. M. F. C. was by this time the father of four children, Mary Austin born in 1801 Elizabeth born in 1803, Alice born in 1805, and Mason born in 1807.

"To Mrs. Mary A. Cogswell,

Stamford

Hartford, Oct. 12th, 1809.

My dearest Mary:—

Both your letters I have received and they were both a cordial to me. Although I fully believed what would be the effect of the journey, yet it was delightful to me to have the assurance from your pen. I did not intend a mail should go without a line at least from me, but the day before yesterday was one of my horrible days. I had an awful operation to perform which took up the whole of the forenoon, broke my back,

(1) See Page 44.

and prevented me from doing almost anything else. The night after Mrs. Watson, who has a fine son and Mrs. Bennett, who has a fine daughter prevented me from sleeping. And last night I was almost exhausted. I slept well last night and am fresh again this morning.

Sally White is now the only remaining obstacle to my setting out. The poor woman heard I was going away and came down to Fanny, in trepidation to hear the worst of it. I called to see her yesterday and promised not to leave her. She cannot hold out long. She has already some intimations. Should she dismiss me I shall set out on Tuesday next, attend the convention at New Haven on Wednesday and Thursday, and be at Stamford on Friday. I shall let you know every mail.

Mr. and Mrs. Radcliff arrived at Mr. Hudson's on Friday last and left us on Monday. Henry and Nelson came here on Saturday, and set out yesterday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Silliman arrived last evening and go to-morrow.

Now then for ourselves. We are all well except Mr. Mercury; he has a blood spitting but is better. The blood specimens are elegantly preserved.

Old Mose, Lydia's (1) mother, has just sent five dozen and a half of very fine peppers. All domestic matters seem to be going on very well without you. Lydia says I must tell you to say you are getting well, and that you must not send for me to make you worse. Nanny and Ruthy manage charmingly and the children are all properly taken care of.

Alice has not refused to go to school once since you left us, and Mason trots about quite independently. He scolds a little now and then but on the whole is a nice boy.

I shall write again. My love to all who love me, and believe me most affectionately,

Your husband,

Mason F. Cogswell

In 1807 James Cogswell had died in the home of his son M. F. C. His last years at New Scotland Parish had not been happy ones. In 1795, his second wife, Martha Devotion, had died of paralysis. Once again he married, this time a Mrs. Hibbard. Dr. Cogswell was settled in his pastorate for life and that seemed to make his parishioners a trifle uneasy. He got so he could not preach to the acceptance of the congregation. The people refused to pay for what they did not like and the pastor declined to renounce his legal dues. Doubtless, there was obstinacy and ill temper on both sides. The people were very willing to release their poor old pastor from his official duties, but declined to make provision for his support in that case, or to procure an assistant. So with failing voice and faculties the Rev. James continued to preach to a remnant of the congregation till

(1) Lydia, sometimes called "Lyd" or "Old Purchase" was the daughter of a reigning negro chieftain in Africa. She had been stolen from her home when she was young and made a slave in America. Apparently her mother had been brought, too. Upon being given her freedom, Lydia worked at Capt. Chenevard's boarding-house where M. F. C. first lived upon coming to Hartford. He cured her of lockjaw after several doctors had given her up. So when M. F. C. was married she offered her services and lived in his family for 30 years. At her death, she left to M. F. C.'s children the money which she had accumulated, as well as her heavy silver watch-chain.

his ministerial friends "in their concern and tenderness for their aged and much loved father in the Gospel" addressed a letter to M. F. C. recommending him "to gratify his father's desire of spending his last days with his only surviving child, taking such measures to obtain compensation from his people as he might judge expedient." M. F. C. complied with this suggestion and in 1804 removed his father to his comfortable home in Hartford and "as the Scotland Society was clearly under obligation to support the minister who had worn himself out in their service" he brought a suit for a recovery of damages but there is no way of telling its result.

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Stephen Williams has published in his American Medical Biography (1) a sketch of M. F. C. :

"Altho' he had not those opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of anatomy which most students enjoy, yet he is known to have pursued the study of anatomy by dissection and suffered in consequence of it a severe attack of Erythema Anatomicum. In this way he obtained such an acquaintance with surgical anatomy as enabled him to perform with skill every necessary operation. Mr. Cogswell possessed in a greater degree than any surgeon whom I have ever known, that happy dexterity in the use of instruments which gave him the power of operating with great accuracy, neatness and rapidity. I have been told that he amputated a thigh in 40 seconds. He first introduced in the region where he practiced, the most important operations on the eye. In the performance of them, especially for cataract, he was peculiarly successful. The operation which he performed was that of extraction.

He was the first person in this country who secured the carotid artery by a ligature. The necessity for this arose during the removal of a schirrous tumor from the neck, which enveloped the artery. The ligature came off from the artery on the 14th day. The patient lived till the 20th day, and then sunk in consequence of a slight hemorrhage from a small vessel near the angle of the jaw, acting upon a system enfeebled by a long standing disease. This was in November, 1803. A year or two before, the artery had been secured under similar circumstances on the continent of Europe, and by Mr. Abernethy in London. There is, however, no reason to believe that Dr. Cogswell was acquainted with these facts; and he is fully entitled to the credit of having originated the operation. At the present day, when operations upon the arteries are so frequent, it is difficult to estimate rightly the boldness and judgment necessary to place a ligature upon so large and important an artery as the carotid.

In one branch of his profession, obstetrics, he was nearly unrivaled. The delicacy and kindness of his attention to parturient patients in a time of great anxiety and distress, both mental and bodily: his abandonment of many customs formerly prevalent by which the sensitive feelings of females were often wounded, as well as his great professional skill, gained him at once confidence and esteem. It is questionable whether any person ever practised this branch of medicine more skill-

(1) Published at Greenfield in 1845.

fully and acceptable or more extensively in proportion to the population of the place where he lived.

He was an assiduous and successful cultivator of polite literature, especially of poetry. In these pursuits he was the companion and the compeer of Dr. Hopkins, Judge Trumbull, Rev. Dr. Strong, Mr. Richard Alsop, Mr. Theodore Dwight, and others of a kindred spirit.

In Music he was a proficient (1). It is said that while residing in Stamford, he instructed the choir in that place not only in the common psalm tunes, but also in an anthem or other piece of set music for every Sabbath in the year. . . . He was the active friend and supporter of the Retreat for the Insane in Hartford. He was one of the original members of the Connecticut Medical Society, and was successively its Secretary, Vice President, and for ten years, President.

I may here remark that few men have ever lived in habits of more free and friendly intercourse with the members of their own profession than he did, or enjoyed such intercourse more highly. And although he did not escape the censure of those with whose notions he could not agree, when during the prevalence of a severe epidemic disease the opinions of medical men were much divided, and feelings arose which threatened, and to a certain extent accomplished, the destruction of the harmony which ought to exist among them; yet here, the amenity of his manners, his gentlemanly deportment, and the uniform mildness of his conduct, disarmed even professional hostility of the weapons of its warfare.

As an instructor Dr. Cogswell was much resorted to by young men for pursuing the study of medicine (2). For this business he was well qualified. He was himself a scholar, continuing his habits of study during his life. It was his custom to spend several hours in the evening, after the labors of the day were over, and usually after his family had retired, in reading, principally professional books. His library was one of the best in the State. By directing his students to the best authors, by studying with them such subjects as were not well known to him, such as chemistry and botany, by allowing them to witness his practice, and by exciting them to diligence, he probably rendered them more lasting service than if he had devoted more than he did to oral instruction.

It was thought highly desirable by those who were engaged in the establishment of the Medical Institution at Yale College, that some gentleman of established reputation and known experience should be placed in the chair of surgery. There was no one in this place or neighborhood who was sufficiently prominent, in these respects, to occupy that situation. Application was made to Dr. Cogswell who had long been known as one of the most accomplished and skillful surgeons in New England, to lend his assistance in this department. After much hesitation on account of the difficulty which would attend the delivery of a course of lectures here, while residing in Hartford, and his un-

(1) In 1790 Josiah Blakely refers to M. F. C. as "The Flutist."

(2) William Tully was in M. F. C.'s office in 1807. Theodore Dexter Before 1814, S. W. Brown in 1819, and Henry Burnham in 1826. M. F. C. speaks of them as his "apprentices."

willingness to leave permanently a situation so desirable as that which he occupied there, he consented to make such arrangements as would afford the institution the benefit of his learning and experience. When, however, it was soon after ascertained that Dr. Nathan Smith, then Professor of Physic and Surgery in Dartmouth College, would consent to remove here if invited, he willingly relinquished to him a situation which he had reluctantly consented to occupy: so that although regularly appointed a Professor in the Institution, he did not join it in that capacity."

An honorary degree of M. D. was conferred on M. F. C. by the Connecticut Medical Society in 1810, and by Yale College in 1818.

From various letters of inquiry to him one would suppose M. F. C.'s specialty to have been "the removal of a film or an opaque tumor from the eyes." Even as early as 1793 a Miss Williams inquires from Brooklyn, N. Y., and then on through the years came requests for operation or treatment from Providence, Northampton, Mass., Albany and Goshen, N. Y., Canaan, Penn., Lebanon Pool and so on.

In these times the minister the judge and the doctor were the important personages of a community. The medical practitioner was present at every birth, he sat with the minister at every death-bed, and put his name with the lawyer to every will. Unless he had the good fortune to attend one of the two medical colleges in the country, the young man must pick up his professional education while serving an apprenticeship to some noted practitioner in Boston or New York as M.F.C. had done with his brother, James.

It was only by begging the dead bodies of criminals from the Governor or by filching from grave-yards that it was possible to procure anatomical subjects. The physician combined the duties both of the doctor and the apothecary. He pounded his own drugs, made his own tinctures, prepared his own infusions and put up his own prescriptions. His saddle-bag was the only drug store within forty miles. But from this he prescribed lavishly for it is not too much to say that more medicine was then taken every year by the well than is now taken in the same space of time by the sick. The damsel who swooned was bled profusely. Water was denied the patient tormented with fever, and in its stead he was given small quantities of clam juice. The only cure for malarial diseases was "the bark" made of powdered cinchonia, but the amount required to restore the patient was so great and the supply so small that it seldom effected a cure.

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While M.C.F. had a distinguished record as citizen, surgeon and physician of Hartford, yet upon inquiry one discovers that the New England of his time knew him rather as the father of Alice Cogswell, the little deaf mute, born in 1805.

No particular mention is made of this small daughter until 1807, when she suffered from a severe attack of cerebrospinal-meningitis (at that time called spotted fever) and recovered from the illness, a deaf mute. To the eyes of the world this must have been the first sorrow to stalk into the family circle. It must have been especially hard for

the father who had been able to liberate so many other children from their illnesses to have to sit by and watch his own daughter grow up the victim of a sickness which left her completely unrelated to the world in which they lived. The mother and father must have suffered cruel heart burnings and much wonderment in their Puritanical minds as to what they had done to deserve such condemnation from their Creator, particularly as Alice tried hard to break through the prison walls in order to understand and be understood by her parents in the same manner as her sisters. Had her illness come a few years later, after she had learned the rudimentary methods of interpreting herself to the world, it might have left her removed from much but yet comprehending enough to go on philosophically in her own tiny corner. But to become deaf and dumb at the age of two meant that hardly a side of her nature could develop normally. In the phrase of the early eighteen hundreds Alice had a "strong and noble mind." When we come to see later her social instinct and her interest in all kinds of objective happenings it will be possible to comprehend some of the different forces which were fighting for expression in what the Twentieth Century would term a "vigorous personality."

But apparently M. F. C. was not a father merely to sit by and deplore as had all other good American fathers before him. Just how he contrived to interest others in his daughter's affliction we shall never know, nor shall we know the relative importance of the parts played by her two teachers Miss Huntley (1) and the Reverend Gallaudet in bringing her into our world of speech and hearing. It would be interesting to say definitely how this exciting game was played. There is a story that one day while Alice was romping in the garden of her father's house in Prospect Street (2) a young neighbor, T. H. Gallaudet, happened by and becoming interested in the little girl actually succeeded in teaching her the word H A T before she left the garden. She afterwards learned other words and sentences both from Gallaudet and Miss Huntley.

All this must have brought a great flood of hope to Alice's parents. For M. F. C. again reached out, this time towards ascertaining if in Europe there were any teaching for the deaf and dumb. He found a French pamphlet which told him of the work in Paris that had been started in 1755 by l'Abbe de l'Epee and was being continued by his successor l'Abbe Sicard. Happening to meet with two deaf mutes, l'Abbe de l'Epee had begun the task of instructing them. His success was so great that he soon had a school of sixty pupils supported entirely by himself. Later this evolved into the "Institution Nationale des Sourds-Muets a Paris" which was founded by the National Assembly in 1791, and which represented the Abbe's immortal effort to restore deaf mutes to their deserved place in society.

M. F. C. deliberated about sending Alice to this school, far off as Paris was then. But first he made an effort to interest the commun-

(1) Miss Lydia Huntley of Norwich married in 1819 Charles Sigourney, a rich merchant of Hartford. She first had a school in Norwich, then later ran the Ellis-Huntley School in Hartford. Being a poetess of some sentiment she was often called "The American Hemans".

(2) Where the building of the Hartford Medical Society now stands. A brick house on the east side of Prospect and almost opposite to the Hartford Atheneum.

ities throughout Connecticut in deaf-mute education. While in the midst of this, he came across a paragraph in a Washington paper called "The National Intelligence." This told of the arrival in America of a certain John Braidwood who had come with the design of establishing an institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb. Colonel William Bolling of Virginia was responsible for young Braidwood's coming as Bolling had three deaf children and also a brother and sister who had been taught some years before in Edinburgh, in the school established by Thomas Braidwood, the grandfather, and carried on there by the Braidwood family.

City of Hartford, Conn.
April 20, 1812.

Mr. Jn Braidwood—

Sir:

You may be surprised to receive the address of a stranger, who has no other knowledge of you except what he obtained from a paragraph in the National Intelligence which he read for the first time last evening. But you, Sir, will know how to appreciate the motive which influences my conduct, when I inform you that I have a daughter, who belongs to the class of unfortunate beings, which has claimed so much of your solicitude and attention. The feelings of a Parent, I presume, you must often have witnessed on similar occasions, and I doubt not but you will readily forgive the intrusion, while I express an anxious wish, to know something respecting your future plans, on this interesting subject. My daughter is between 6 and 7 years old and if I may be allowed to express my opinion respecting her, possesses talent which may be cultivated to advantage and a desire to learn. Since her sickness which occasioned her deafness and which happened when she was about 2 years of age and after she had begun to talk, I have felt the importance of establishing a school for the instruction of the D & D; and I am now associated with a Doctor Gilbert, a respectable attorney in this vicinity for the accomplishment of so desirable an object. He has five children as unfortunate as mine. We have taken measures to ascertain the number of deaf and dumb in this State. This information we shall receive the next June (1), when we intend to apply to the legislature of the State for pecuniary aid, to promote the completion of our design; and it is the opinion of the best informed gentlemen with whom I have conversed, that a sufficient appropriation may be obtained from a school fund, already established, and in operation, and under Legislative control to support an Instructor, until the Institution would support itself. Our wishes may make us too sanguine on the subject, but I cannot entertain a doubt that a few years would amply reward a competent Instructor, for whatever pains he might bestow on a plan of such extensive benediction and utility. Allow me, Sir, to inquire if you have determined on the favoured spot which shall be the theater of your future labours? Or whether you intend visiting the various States, before you fix upon any place in which to commence your benevolent work? Will you not deem me impertinent if I inquire still further whether an Institution of this kind can be as eligibly established in the large cities as in the smaller

(1) Probably when the General Association of Clergymen was to meet at Sharon.

ones? The Honorable C. Goodrich to whose care this letter is intrusted, is acquainted with my family. I refer you to him for whatever information you may wish respecting me and mine.

Should you, at any time, visit the New England States you will almost of course pass thro' this place and while I anticipate the event, you will permit me likewise to anticipate the pleasure of your becoming one of my family for a few days at least.

That you may be prospered in your benevolent undertaking is the sincere wish of

Your friend and Serv't
Mason F. Cogswell, M.D.

Mr. John Braidwood
Washington"

There is no answer from Braidwood to be found, and the only sequel we know to M.F.C.'s letter is that Colonel Bolling advanced funds to aid in the organization of a permanent school in Baltimore. But young Braidwood, though possessed of skill and ability as a teacher, squandered the funds intrusted to him in an irregular manner of life.

M.F.C. thought of making inquiries among the Congregationalist Clergymen whose General Association met at Sharon in June, 1812. It was revealed that eighty-four deaf and dumb persons were then living in Connecticut. Affairs now began to turn more encouragingly. M.F.C. succeeded in arousing interest in the matter amongst his influential friends. Several Hartford men were asked to meet at Dr. Cogswell's house on Prospect Street on the evening of April 13th, 1813, to discuss the question of sending someone abroad to study methods and obtain the necessary knowledge to found a school for the deaf and dumb in America. As a result of this meeting, M.F.C. and Ward Woodbridge were appointed a committee to collect the funds and so stirred did Hartford become overnight that in one day enough was subscribed—\$2,133.

In searching for someone to send to Europe as a student of deaf and dumb instruction it was quite natural that the choice of the citizens of Hartford should fall on the young Gallaudet who had been the first to work with Alice Cogswell. Gallaudet had just graduated from the Andover Theological Seminary and was about to assume charge of a church in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Coming of a Huguenot family, which had fled from France on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Gallaudet himself had graduated from Yale, read law and had some business training before studying for the ministry. This career of varied occupation fitted him for the work that the citizens of Hartford now offered him. He accepted and sailed for England on May 27th, 1815.

His reception at the London Asylum was not satisfactory but while there he had the good fortune to meet l'Abbe Sicard from "L'Institution Nationale des Sourds-Muets a Paris." Sicard was in London with two star pupils, Massieu and Clerc, giving exhibitions of the sign language he had been able to teach them and greatly astounding the general public. But the real reason why he had chosen to absent himself from France at this particular time was because he had Bourbon leanings and having received the Legion of Honor from Louis XVIII feared lest

Napoleon would deprive him of the honor. It was a stroke of good fortune for America that Gallaudet chanced to meet Sicard in London, for the Frenchman gave him a warm invitation to visit the Institution in Paris.

Yet Gallaudet made one more try on the British Isles, going to Edinburgh. But here a new obstacle arose in the form of an obligation which, with true Scotch precaution, had been imposed upon the institution in that city not to instruct teachers in the art for a term of years.

After these disappointments Gallaudet left for France, the land of his own extraction. There in Paris at "L'Institution Nationale des Sourds-Muets" he was more than rewarded for his previous lack of success. For Sicard took him in most cordially and Gallaudet was soon attending all classes in the instruction of the sign language. He was especially interested in the teaching of young Laurent Clerc, who himself deaf from childhood and consequently dumb, was one of the most successful instructors in the Institution. In time Gallaudet received private lessons from Clerc. This enabled Gallaudet to realize how valuable Clerc's teaching would be to the cause of America so he asked him to return with him. This happened in the teacher's meagre hall bedroom where the lessons were given. Clerc immediately agreed to take what must then have seemed to be a long leap in the dark. Certainly his physical handicap had not left him a victim of timidity.

So Gallaudet and Clerc set sail together and reached New York in August, 1816. Continuing on to Hartford, Clerc describes the arrival in his autobiography:—

"The next day, it being very pleasant, we took the stage to Hartford, where we alighted at Mr. Cogswell's on Prospect Street. We found Mrs. Cogswell alone at home with all her daughters, excepting Alice, who was at school under Miss Lydia Huntley (now Mrs. Sigourney, our lovely poetess). She was immediately sent for, and when she made her appearance I beheld a very interesting little girl. She had one of the most intelligent countenances I ever saw. I was much pleased with her. We conversed by signs, and we understood each other very well; so true is it, as I have often mentioned before, that the language of signs is universal and as simple as nature. I had left many persons and objects in France endeared to me by association, and America, at first, seemed uninteresting and monotonous, and I sometimes regretted leaving my native land; but on seeing Alice, I had only to recur to the object which had induced me to seek these shores; to contemplate the good we were going to do, and sadness was subdued by an approving conscience." (1)

(1) Clerc transplanted so successfully that he lived in America the rest of his life and came to be one of Hartford's beloved and respected citizens. He never laid down his banner and was responsible for much of the interest shown in America for the education of the deaf and dumb. In 1819, Clerc married Eliza Boardman of Cohoes Falls, N. Y. She had been one of his first pupils at the American Asylum. The inscription on the Clerc Memorial which stands to-day in the grounds of the American School for the Deaf, at West Hartford, Connecticut reads: "Laurent Clerc, the Apostle of the Deaf-Mute of the New World. Born in La Balme, France, December 26, 1785. Landed at New York, August 9, 1816. Died at Hartford, July 18, 1869."

“To Dr. M. F. Cogswell

Hartford, Conn.

Havre, January 17th, 1816.

My dear Sir:—

To-morrow I expect to sail from these parts in the *Mary Augusta* with Captain Hall, for New York, in company with Mr. S. V. S. Wilder, (1) Mr. Upson’s particular friend, and a Mr. Clerc whom perhaps you may have heard of or seen his name mentioned in some of the papers. He is a Frenchman born near Lyons, and ever since one year of age has labored under the same difficulty with Alice. The Abbe Sicard has had him under his care for these fifteen years past, during eight of which he had charge of one of the classes in the institution. He is the identical Clerc who with Massieu made such a figure among the nobility in London last summer. (2) He goes with me somewhat in the character of an assistant in our intended establishment and as I do not like to have anything uncertain when it can be made sure, after having obtained the Abbe’s consent, I have entered into actual stipulations with Mr. Clerc by which he is bound to remain with me for three years for a certain sum, which I will not mention at present, but which if the good folks, my fellow citizens, do not choose to pay—I will quite take off their hands. But I am ironical when I ought to be very serious. Yes, my dear friend, Providence, has most kindly provided for my study and successful return by furnishing me with the most accomplished pupil of the Abbe Sicard and one, too, who is not less recommended by the probity and sweetness of his character, so far as I have been able to ascertain it, than by his rare talents. He already understands a good deal of English. We shall work together on the passage so that he may acquire more. A few months in America will quite make him master of it. The train of events which has thus led to my very unexpected departure I have not even time to tell you. I should have written you before but the affair was not entirely finished till within a few days past, and I did not like to write while there was any fear of disappointment.

A few weeks will I hope conduct me to you. I look to God for his protection and blessing. To Him be all the glory if our undertaking is at last crowned with success. I had a letter from you lately but it was an old date, February 4th.

I hope you are all well. I write in great haste. My best love to Mrs. C. and the children. Remember me to the rest of the family and friends.

Yours truly,

T. H. Gallaudet”

(1) S. V. S. Wilder was a successful American merchant living in Paris. Since the authorized ambassador was sick at the time, it was Wilder who was chosen to represent the United States at Napoleon’s marriage to Marie Louise and the three-cornered hat worn at this State occasion is still preserved by Wilder’s great-grandchildren. But one hears often of Wilder’s philanthropic intent. He was President of the American Tract Society and was fond of broadcasting Bibles throughout France.

(2) An exhibition of sign language given before the Duchess of Wellington, the Duke of Orleans (later Louis Philippe) and the members of both Houses of Parliament.

“To Dr. M. F. Cogswell,

Hartford

New York, Thursday afternoon

My dear Sir:—

Mr. Wilder will deliver this letter, my fellow passenger in the *Mary Augusta*, and one to whom we are all very much indebted for the interest which he took in our undertaking while I was in Paris, where he has resided for several years. He very much contributed to my acquaintance with Clerc, to my arrangements with him, and in fine to all that related to the object of my mission. He has been connected in trade with your friend Upson from whom I received a letter of introduction to him. I recommend him to your warmest friendship as a man of very generous feelings and I trust a sincere Christian.

I received your favor of Sunday last. Clerc has read the letter with no little enthusiasm. We both long to be with you, but a few days must yet separate us. We have not even yet got all our things from the ship and we are both a little indisposed by the sudden transition from cool weather to hot, so that we are quite overcome with lassitude and the effects of a summer epidemic which is just now quite prevalent here. We have yet many letters to write to our European friends. This and our other necessary arrangements, to say nothing of the wish I have to enjoy for a few days the society of my father's family, rendered more dear to me by the loss which they have felt during my absence, will probably detain us here till Wednesday of next week, so that you must not expect to see us till Friday or Saturday.

We have been visited by and we have seen a great many persons. All take a great interest in Clerc. He is so modest and easy in his manners and converses with such charm and propriety with all that it is a matter of general admiration. We have much to do to get our establishment on an eligible footing. Many here speak of the necessity of a similar establishment in New York. A great deal is said about Mr. Gard of Bordeaux. Setting aside all personal feeling, I do think it will be not a little discredit to our country if some local and State feelings cannot be laid aside in the commencement of a project like ours. But we will talk through all this when I see you.

Clerc joins me in his best love to Mrs. C. and the family. My kind remembrance to all friends. Don't wonder at my scrawl for I write you in a state of great debility and have hardly resolution enough to put my pen to the paper.

Yours most affectionately,

T. H. Gallaudet”

* * *

While Gallaudet was pursuing his inquiries abroad, the friends of the cause at home were preparing the way for the prosecution on his return. In May, 1816, they procured an act of incorporation from the Legislature of Connecticut. This act was passed in accordance with the petition of sixty-three individuals, citizens of Hartford, who with their associates were by it “formed into, constituted and made a body politic and corporate by the name of the Connecticut Asylum for the education and instruction of the deaf and dumb persons.”

The first meeting of the Asylum as required by its charter, was held at the State House in Hartford on the 2nd Monday of June, 1816. The Asylum being then legally constituted only awaited the return of its agent from Europe to proceed to the collection of pupils and the commencement of instruction.

After Gallaudet and Clerc reached this country in August, 1816, they spent the following six or seven months chiefly in attempts to interest the public in the practical side of teaching the deaf mutes.

The Asylum was opened for pupils on April 15, 1817. The little school during the first week numbered 7 pupils and in the course of the year 33. It was held in the south part of the building which in 1852 formed a portion of the City Hotel. On the first Sunday evening after the opening of the Asylum, a great crowd assembled in the Center Church to hear Mr. Gallaudet preach from the text: "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped." The seven unhearing pupils were there, little knowing that hopes were fixed on their new opportunity for progress and undoubtedly trying to make good use of their eyes in wondering why they had suddenly become the center of observation.

At the beginning of the second year the school was moved to rooms at 15 Prospect Street. These and the old quarters continued to be used for the purposes of the institution till its means permitted the erection of the principal building of the permanent Asylum.

A clear gift of \$5,000 from the State Legislature did much to help the project in the autumn of 1816.

By 1818 a world-ambition seems to have overtaken the promoters of the project; for it was urged that as the Asylum had been established on the plan of a general institution and as it had already received pupils from ten different States there was sufficient reason to consider that it should be the one and only institution of its kind in America. The opinion that one institution for the deaf and dumb would be sufficient for the whole country seems now almost ludicrous. But at that time no census of the deaf and dumb had been taken in the United States, and none was known to have been taken in Europe.

In view of these various considerations, the directors on January 25, 1819, voted "That the Honorable Nathaniel Terry and the Honorable Thomas S. Williams be authorized and requested to present a petition either jointly or severally, to the Congress of the United States, praying for a grant of money or lands, for the benefit of this institution." It was this act which led to the appropriation on the part of the national legislature, of a township of wild land, consisting of more than 23,000 acres in Alabama.

Though from the nature of the case no pecuniary benefit could be immediately derived from the grant of lands, still the sure prospect of such a result removed all the embarrassments which the poverty of the institution had previously thrown around it. Its credit was now established and its permanence felt to be assured. The board proceeded within a week from this time to take measures for the construction of suitable buildings on the new Scarborough Estate they had purchased half a mile west of the centre of the city of Hartford.

5

During the session of the General Assembly of the State held at Hartford in May, 1819, the name of the institution was changed as follows:—"Resolved, by this Assembly, that the name and style of said corporation be and the same is hereby changed, and that hereafter it be known and called by the name and style of The American Asylum at Hartford, for the education and instruction of the Deaf and Dumb; anything in the original act of incorporation to be contrary notwithstanding."

In the autumn of this year a class of twenty pupils, selected and provided for by Massachusetts, was received by the institution, on terms as favorable as could then be made, and thus a precedent was established, which has since been followed by the other States of New England, and two Southern States.

* * *

This long tale takes us through the precarious first years of the history of the American Asylum. Each year the number of pupils increased till in 1830 (when M.F.C. died) there were 154. Then, too, a greater number of States were constantly represented amongst this number. (1)

* * *

But what of Alice Cogswell all this time? It appears from Mrs. Sigourney's following sketch that some method of communication had been evolved for her even before the opening of the Asylum by her father and Mr. Gallaudet.

"The language of signs as now exhibited in its wonderful copiousness and power, had not then crossed the ocean to this western world, to bind to society and its privileges such multitudes of silent people. The rapid manual alphabet now in use had not reached us; and the tardy representation with both hands of each letter constituting a word, and the few signs that we were able to invent, founded principally on visible resemblance, were, save the utterance of the eye, our only means of communication. Having no guide in this species of instruction, I earnestly labored to enlarge the number of signs, in which I was aided by Alice's school-mates. I arranged alphabetically a vocabulary of her scholastic gleanings steadily adding to it each new attainment and ever when her associates had completed their weekly review of studies, she came joyfully, by the aid of this simple lexicon, to pass her own.

One of her earliest literary efforts touched the rather ambitious subject of the illumination, on the return of peace in the winter of 1815.

"The world—all peace—now am I glad—many candles in windows—shine bright on snow—Houses most beautiful—Mr. G— gone to Paris—Come back with Mr. Clerc—teach deaf and dumb new words—new signs—oh, beautiful—I very afraid wind blow hard on Ocean—turn over ship—Alice very afraid for Mr. G. —Will pray God to keep, not drown—Wind blow right way Alice trust.' "

* * *

(1) This account of the early years of the institution is drawn almost word for word from Lewis Weid's article on "The American Asylum" which is to be found in "A Tribute to Gallaudet" Published in Hartford, 1852, by Brackett and Hutchinson.

Newfoundland on it, where you tell me they catch many fishes. The young ladies are studying their dictionaries very good, and I love them all and we all love you, very much.

Your affectionate friend,
Lydia Huntley.

My dear little Alice,

I love you because you are good. I want to see you very much. I hope you will be well enough to come to School tomorrow, we have been reciting Geography, if you had been here you could have told Miss Huntley that it was cold in Greenland, and hot in Africa, the Lions live in Africa. When you come to School you must answer this, if you love me. good bye,

Your dear friend
E. Hall

Dear little Alice

Your little rose that I gave you is killed by the cold, it is cold in Greenland and warm in Africa. How is Mason? You told Miss Huntley he was a little sick boy. I am with affection, yours,

H. W. Terry

My dear Alice,

I wrote you a very short letter yesterday but it was not because I did not love you for you know I love you very much.

When you get better you must write me a letter, and I will say Alice you are beautiful. I hope you will get well soon & come to school.

Have you forgot what the seasons are? Spring, Summer, Autumn, & Winter. If it was Spring I would send you some beautiful roses. if it was Summer I would give you some cool drink. if it was Autumn I would send you some apples and grapes. But it is cold Winter & all I can send you is a kiss and a letter & my best love.

Who do you think will be Saturday Monitress? I wish my dear little Alice was going to wear that pretty drown. it is very late and I cannot write any more but did you good night.

Yours, Caroline Chester.

Dear Little Alice—

We hava been reciting in geography this afternoon, we should have attended to your examination if you had been here, some of your signs are very pleasing. Imagination I like, I love to hear you say Beautiful. I hope you will be able to attend school soon. The Asp you say killed Cleopatra she was beautiful. Yours with affection,

Lara S. Cooke.

My dear Alice,

It grows dark, for the sun has gone to his bed;—but the snow on the roofs of the houses, gives me light to write to you. School is out, and the fire is out, the little girls are all gone home, but Elizabeth & Harriet Terry, and Margaret Bull. It will soon be very dark, bnt God looks through

the darkness & takes care of the good, and will not let any evil come to them while they sleep. Good Night. I love you.

L. Huntley."

Again from Mrs. Sigourney we quote a description of Alice in school.

"Friday afternoon was the reivev day of the work. Then also, my dear little silent disciple, Alice Cogswell the loved of all, had her pleasant privilege of examination. Coming over to my side, if she saw me a moment disengaged, with har sweet supplication, 'Please teach Alice something.'" The words or historical facts thus explained by signs were alphabetically arranged in a small manuscript book for her to recapitulate and familiarize. Great was her delight when called forth to take her part. Fragments from the annals of all nations, with the significations of a multitude of words, had been taught by little and little, until her lexicon had become comprehensive; and as her companions from love had possessed themselves of the manual alphabet and much of the sign language, they affectionately proposed that the examination should be possessed themselves of the manual alphabet and much of the sign language, they affectionately propoed that the examination should be by themselves, and that she might be permitted to conduct it. Here was a new pleasure, the result of their thoughtful kindness. Eminently happy was she made, while each in rotation answered with the lips her question given by the hand, I alternately officiating as interpreter to her or critic to them, if an expression of intelligence, erroneous. Never can I forget the varied expression of intelligence, naivete, irony or love that would radiate from her beautiful hazel eyes on these occasions."

The following morbidly interesting effusion written by Alice on the death of Sarah Colt also remains. Unfortunately it is without date so we cannot tell during what state of Alice's development or schooling it was written.

"On the death of Sarah Colt—

O! it is such a sweet young lady that cou'd calmly drink the cup of Death herself! Perchance her own hope of death, had at once been overwhelming upon her mind—Why could she put an end to her early existence? Perchance the love of death, had, at once, been stronger to her than life—Why could she prepare for the poison of Arsenic, which she unresistingly swallowed up? The way of divine Providence might have directed her to do what I above mentioned—how could the unseen hand teach her mind? You know that her mother, and two or three of her sisters are in the graves,—but they are all in Heaven, and her brightest hope of seeing them in Heaven, ever kindled in her mind on Earth, and at last her sweetest rapture of falling into the arms of her Redeemer and Friend, Christ, and of meeting her mother and sisters, who welcome Sarah Colt to Heaven!

In my memory she moved like a blithe bird. She was full of life and buoyancy. All that saw her admired her, and all that knew, loved her. She was like a "bright but of promise," but fading in the grave, & will "bloom out in righteousness" in Heaven, forever and forever.

My memory is now afresh, that her sunny ringlets always plated before my eyes, and they wont perhaps be the less shining in the cold

bed of Death. They may be the emblem of Eternity, which ever curl, and curl without end."

Alice was twelve years old when the Connecticut Asylum opened and her name headed its list of pupils for the first seven years. At the same time M. F. C. was physician in charge at the Asylum.

* * *

"To Miss Mary A. Cogswell, Norwich, Conn.

Hartford, June 14, 1814.

My dear Mary,

I received your letter by Mrs. Perkins who delivered a verbal message from you. Whether she remembered *all*, or whether I *shall*, is not certain. However, we will send you all which we can think of, and next time you must write. In your letter you begin on a kind of school journal with which we are much pleased. Continue it, my Dear, with every possible endeavor to improve and you most certainly will, under your present instructress. Does Mrs. Hooker either see or hear your remarks on History? Let me know in your next. Tell me everything that relates to you of any consequence and do not retain even that for which you think I should reprove, if there should be such. A walk you mention to the Falls. I am glad to know you have been there. 'Tis a delightful spot, but take care, my Dear, and not encourage that walking disposition of yours. Keep it with all other extravagances, under good subjection.

Do you sew at school? You must let me know before you are out of work, that I may send more. Sally and Betsey Norris are going to Norwich to-morrow. I shall request them to call and see you, and you can send them by a bundle if you wish. Moore's geography, Dubold's arithmetic and Smith's Grammar, if it is to be found in town, with two or three articles of clothing, which I shall send with this letter. You had better finish the gloves which I send immediately as you may want them. A slate and pencil you had better purchase there.

We all remain much as when you left us, the children have this moment returned from school, all in high glee. Ctharine goes like a good girl every day. Elizabeth send love and wishes you to write to her. Mason's love to you, and all the boys. Harriet (1) joined Mr. Strong's Church the last Sabbath, also your young acquaintance Mrs. Hall . . . Do not forget, my dear, and remember your morning chapter.

Be a good girl and believe me Your

Affectionate mother

Mary A. Cogswell

N. B. My affectionate regards to Mr. & Mrs. Goddard and children. (2) Smith's grammar cannot be found. Alice sees me writing, spells "sorry," says she shall kiss you when you when you come home."

(1) Probably Harriet Wadsworth, see page 26.

(2) Judge Goddard was a friend of M. F. C.'s and the two families were much together.

"To Mrs. Mary Cogswell,
Hartford

Aug. 10th, 1814

My dear Mother,—

You cannot think how much I am obliged to you for your kind letters; for I will acknowledge that I did feel a little homesick till I received them; they brighten me up so much, that although I wish to go home every much, yet I do not feel so much like homesickness.

I am very glad that Alice can hear so well as to hear the bell ring. You mentioned it in your letter from Guilford. I would give anything to see her and all my dear friends in Hartford. You mention in one of your letters something about that you was sorry that the Governor could not have deferred his business for your accomodation. I do not understand it. I wish you would explain it to me in your next letter.

I hope indeed that I have improved as much as you think I have in letter writing, but I very much fear that you will not think that I improve in my hand writing for I am in a hurry. You ask me about the state of my clothes. It being a rainy day Monday we stayed home from school and I mended all of them which had got out of order. My shoes you ask me about. My calfskin shoes are in a sad state, they are ripped. My shoes and nightcaps seem to be the only deficient articles among my clothes.

I went with Alice and Julia to visit Mrs. Williams, she that was Miss Nancy Breed. We spent a very pleasant afternoon. After tea we walked by the side of Shetucket River (1) where we had a very fine prospect.

The day after I wrote you last as we were at dinner, a procession walked by Mrs. Goddard's. It was the funeral of a female Indian who was to be buried in the Indian burying ground back of Mrs. Goddard's. All the family went out to see her buried. There was a prayer made over the grave by the Baptist clergyman.

I have studied through Europe, Asia and Africa. I am now studying American and I flatter myself that I shall come home somewhat improved with respect to geography.

Papa's and Mason's collars are and have been done this great whilc, but I don't know how I shall send them. We were very much alarmed last night by the firing of alarm guns about one o'clock. (1) It proved to be that the British were at Stonington and firing rockets into the town. We fear that they are to have a battle in New London. Mr. and Mrs. Goddard set out on their journey. They intended to go through Stonington but went no farther than the landing hearing that they were firing rockets into the town.

My duty to Papa. I cannot be particular and must beg you to give love and respects to whom you think proper. The children must share

(1) Norwich is situated at the point where Yantic (which expands in "The Cove") and Shetucket Rivers join and form the Thames.

(2) Probably at "The President" with which Decatur had at that exact moment succeeded in running the blockade but which was eventually captured by the British.

a great deal. I am,

Your affectionate daughter,
Mary

P. S. I am afraid you will have to use your spectacles."

* * *

"To Mrs. Mary A. Cogswell,
Guilford.

Hartford, August 24, 1814.

My dearest Friend,

I was much gratified on the return of Mr. Jones (1) to hear how well you have succeeded in your new establishment. I calculate that you should prove a worthy brother of that best of sisters, you must be highly gratified with his society. Indeed I think you may be materially advantageous to each other. You can repay his civilities, by your kindness to his wife, and that you know, is the best possible way of paying a debt, to a good husband. Present my respects to him, if you please, and tell him, if your modesty will permit, that I can recommend you as an excellent travelling Doctress and should Mrs. Edwards' complaints be such as are commonly benefitted by salt-water, air, salt-water food, and so forth, your own experience will be of more value to her, than the advice of a dozen Doctors. Besides, having lived to long with Doctors, it is very natural to suppose that a kind of medical influence should attach itself to you and that a sort of *Physical Halo*, or atmosphere, should surround you wherever you go. To be serious, however, I cannot but hope that you will contribute much to the comfort of Mrs. E. and that Mrs. E. will contribute much to yours.

Not a word, all this time about Elizabeth and Alice. How do the dear Children? Tell them, and yourself too, that my heart beats so hard, while thinking of you all that it almost aches. Only think of my solitary situation the day after you left us, at dinner only Mason and Cate. I hardly knew which side of the table to approach, and indeed I could not be satisfied until Susan was called to help us. It is a little better now since Mr. Jones has got home but still it looks and feels as if it was not right.

Mason remembers your permission to play with Adrian(2). He yesterday rode out with Mrs. Terry and dined there after his return. He says I must give his love to Mama and Sisters and ask them if they have any more shells and crayfish for him. Catharine is as talkative and amusing as ever. Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth returned last evening. They have both grown almost fat. They saw Mary at Norwich. She is still doing remarkably well.

I expect Mr. Goddard here on Tuesday to meet the Governor and Council. Mr. Colt and Mr. J. R. Woodbridge are both dead. No one remains to stop me now, unless Mrs. S. or Mrs. D. should put in their veto which I think they will not.

(1) Probably one of the many medical students who lived with M. F. C. from time to time. James Cogswell, his father, had had a houseful of young divines and Huntington, young lawyers. This must have been the way post-graduate courses were then given.

(2) Probably the son of General Terry, a friend and neighbor on Prospect Street. Mrs. Terry was a sister of Daniel Wadsworth, see footnote (1) on page 25.

This will be handed you by Mr. Caldwell, who will deliver you Alice's ear trumpets and the book on botany, if I can find it. Mr. Jones joins the rest in love and respects. As you say in your letter, it is ten o'clock and I can see to write no more. This you will believe from the writing.

Believe me, dear Mary, most affectionately your husband,
Mason F. Cogswell"

* * *

When Gallaudet was in Edinburgh, he received the following letter from Alice Cogswell:

"Hartford
October 11, 1815.

My dear Sir:—

I remember story Miss Huntley was tell me. Old many years Mr. Colt little boy name man Peter Colt very much curls little boy hair Oh! very beautiful mama lap little boy comb curl love to see O beautiful. Morning long man preacher coat black come bow ask mama give little boy hair make wigs very beautiful preacher give, mama no preacher yes oh yes talk long man say come back little boy scissors cut hair white curls all in heap make wig preacher am very much glad proud little— little boy head very cold mama tie hand kerchief warm, tears no more mama very sorry. I hope my hair never cut make wigs.

Your affectionate,
Alice Cogswell."

In a letter from M.F.C., of the same date, Alice's letter is explained as follows:

"As soon as I knew of Mr. Upton's sailing I proposed to Alice to write you by him. She readily consented, but said she was at a loss what to write. I told her to write the story Miss Huntley related to her from Mr. Colt. The circumstances I will relate, that you may the better understand it.—Mr. Peter Colt, from Patterson, was lately here on a visit; he told her (Miss Huntley) what happened to him, when he was a little boy. It seems he had a very thick head of white curled hair; a clergyman who was visiting his mama, took a fancy to it, for the purpose of making himself a wig; his Mama, at first, refused, but after a little urging, "talk long", as Alice calls it, she consented, and the hair was cut off and the wig made. You will observe that the conversation between his mama and the preacher is somewhat in the form of a dialogue.

Yours affectionately
M. F. Cogswell"

* * *

"To Mrs. Mary A. Cogswell,
Hartford, Conn.

Boston, September 7th, 1816.

My dear Mary—

Here I am in Ben Boswell's office, in the midst of newspapers and types, etc. To save time I have begged a pen, ink and paper here, rather than go home to my lodgings, which are some distance off, and through one of your Boston crooked ways.

We arrived here about half past twelve, the night after we left Hartford. We were conducted up into the fourth gallery of a little world called the Exchange, which we were very glad to leave the next day for a more peaceful and quiet lodging at Mrs. Jones' in Pearl Street where we are comfortably lodged and fed. That is whenever we are at home, which is but a small part of our time. Since our arrival, we have been incessantly engaged in delivering our letters, feeling the pulses of the sick, and contriving the best possible way of picking their pockets gently.

Matters, we think, are working up towards a favorable issue.(1) Whatever impression Mr. Gallaudet and myself have made, Clerc is doing wonders. He makes them all stare and exclaim at the different Insurance Offices, at private parties, at our lodgings, and even in the genteely.

We have not begun with our subscription paper yet; but everything as far as we can judge goes well.

Mr. Gallaudet and Clerc join me in an affectionate remembrance to yourself and all of the Children.

Your ever affectionate husband,
Mason F. Cogswell

"To Mrs. M. A. Cogswell"

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"To Mrs. M. A. Cogswell

Hartford

New Haven, Oct. 30th, 1816.

Dear Mary—

Your letter with its enclosure arrived in season, but it did no good. Nothing short of an immediate revelation would touch the hearts of obdurate Democrats, and ignorant and selfish Federalists. The House in the abundance of their liberality granted \$5,000.00. The Council sent the bill back to them with \$10,000.00. The House refused to concur and the bill falls to the ground between them. Thus all our hopes from the Legislature, for the present, are blasted. Whether it will be best to apply to them in future, time and future circumstances must determine. Tell Mr. Jones he must not laugh. I acknowledge I have realized his apprehensions in full.

We shall leave here either this evening or in the morning for New York; but I confess, with a heavy heart.

Dr. Mitchell has again got up his project for sending for Gard. We hasten on to try and stop it. You shall hear from me soon after I get there. I do not despair; the work is in God's hands, and He can make it prosper.

Do not fail to write me in a few days, if it should only be to inform me that you are all well. That will be a cordial to me. My best love to all our household. Do not let our dear little Alice know but what her cause prospers.

(1) Doubtless the campaign toward turning the Connecticut Asylum for the Deaf & Dumb into the American Asylum.

Jack and the girls, Nathan and his, likewise share in my love. A suitable remembrance to all others who remember me.

Believe me, my dearest wife,
Yours truly,

Mason F. Cogswell

To Mrs. Cogswell”

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*

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“To Mrs. Mary A. Cogswell,
Hartford, Conn.
Dear Mary,

New York, November 4th, 1816.

We arrived here safe and sound on Thursday evening last, after a most delightful passage on the steamboat, without the slightest accident. On our arrival we found there had been a meeting of about a dozen gentlemen with Dr. Mitchell at their head, pricked on with Consul Lee, (1) for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of addressing their Legislature on the subject of erecting a rival institution here. They had already had two meetings, a Committee appointed to prepare a testimonial, constitution, etc. Our business has been to visit this Committee separately and converse with them freely on the subject. Most of them seemed surprised at the conduct of Mitchell, who had brought forward this subject without giving them all the information he possessed respecting our Institution, not having even informed them, that he had received a letter from me. Their third meeting will be held this afternoon at four o'clock, as you may have seen by the papers, and we have been requested to attend. What the result will be, time alone can determine. To-morrow we shall probably know what course will be best to pursue.

We intend going to Albany and I rather think we shall go up this week, that we may catch the rich and great men while the Legislature are in session.

Where is Mr. Dwight? (2) Has he been in Hartford or is he coming there? I presume he will be home while the Legislature are sitting. I should never get over it if I did not find him at home. Do write me immediately and let me know about it.

General Stephens and family (3) have treated us with every possible kindness and civility. We dined there yesterday. I have just learned that the mail does not close till evening. I shall leave my letter open until after the meeting.

I have just returned from the meeting where nothing decisive has been done. Dr. Mitchell opened the meeting with one of his long winded

(1) In 1816 William Lee who had previously been the United States Consul at Bordeaux returned from that city to New York and was the bearer of a circular letter from Mr. Gard a teacher of the Deaf and Dumb at Bordeaux. Gard was himself a deaf mute from birth, and now offered his services to come to this country as a teacher in such school as might exist or be established for teaching Deaf Mutes.

(2) See page 52, footnote (2).

(3) Austin Ledyard, father of Mary Austin Ledyard Cogswell, had a sister Lucretia. First she married Richardson Sands of Long Island, then later she married Ebenezer Stevens of New York. He was Lieut-Colonel of the Revolutionary Army, commanding Artillery of Northern Department, and Major-General of New York State Militia.

speeches, and, as he thought, a very scientific one, but really amounting to nothing. He was followed by several others, some good and some bad, and finally an adjournment took place for one month. So we are at loose ends, not knowing what to do. We shall have a consultation in the morning and if possible take the best course. I shall let you know our determination as soon as it is made.

Mrs. Radcliffe and Mrs. Boardman desire their love to you. My love to all who love me.

Most affectionately, I am,
Your husband,

To Mrs. Cogswell”

Mason F. Cogswell

* * *
“To Mrs. Mary A. Cogswell,
Hartford

New York, November 6th, 1816.

Dear Mary,

I received your letter yesterday which cheered my heart and enabled me to run about much lighter than I have done. To know that you were all well and still blessed with the smiles of that kind Providence, which has hitherto protected us, afforded me real satisfaction, and calls for renewed expressions of gratitude.

As we have nothing to do here at present, as it may be colder soon, we think it best to go immediately to Albany. We shall start this evening at five o'clock.

I received a letter from Mr. Dwight at the same time I did yours, informing me that he intended leaving Albany sometime this week. I very much fear I shall miss seeing him. However we must do the best we can, and trust Providence for the result.

Mrs. Radcliff is much better. I dined to-day with Mr. Boorman. I hear Sue Woolsey and Sally Hillhouse are there, on their way to New Haven. What a pity it is that I have not the talents of J. Hillhouse (1) to manage the Legislature! I might then make the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak.

You will probably receive before my return by Captain Stewart six barrels of Newton Pippins, and one bushel of the Carolina sweet potatoes of the very first quality. Perhaps you had better have them put in dry land.

If Clerc should write to Alice, have her answer it, that he may receive it on our return here. Tell her dear pappa loves her very much and wants to see her. Our other dear ones, too, all encircle my heart at once; the pressure is almost painful, and a delicious relief is only obtained, by its overflowing at my eyes. You know my weakness, and will readily believe all I say to you on the subject. Tell them all if you can how I love them.

Adieu, dear Mary, and believe me, truly yours,

M. F. Cogswell

To Mrs. Cogswell”

(1) James Hillhouse of New Haven served as Federalist Senator from Connecticut for 16 years. He also set out with his own hands many of the trees which now make New Haven known as “The Elm City.”

“To Mrs. Mary A. Cogswell,
Hartford, Conn.
My dear Mary,

Albany, November 10th, 1816.

It's past ten o'clock but I must write a few lines just to inform you what we have done and what we expect to do. We left New York at five on Wednesday evening and arrived here about six the day following. Friday was spent in calling on citizens of distinction and officers of the Legislature. DeWitt Clinton (1), to whom we introduced ourselves, received us with great kindness, entered immediately into our plans, and approved of our design of having but one Institution, and of having it located at Hartford. He went with us to the Mayor's (2) and then to the Lieutenant Governor's (3) where we all dined. Clerc displayed himself to great advantage and much to the gratification of all present. It was a fortunate visit, as the governor (4) had invited most of the Senators to dine with him, and all were of one opinion that there should be but one Institution, and that at Hartford. Indeed that is the universal sentiment here.

We dined the next day with Chancellor Kent (5), who had invited Judge Platt (6) to dine with us; and in the evening we had a splendid meeting at the Capitol in the Representatives' Chamber, which is a noble room, and in which were collected almost all the members of the Legislature, and a large number of the most respectable citizens of Albany and Strangers from all parts of the State. You will see a better account of it in Mr. Dwight's paper (7) than I have time to give you. After our reception in New York, it was comforting indeed, to be so cordially welcomed, as we were here. Then the abortive attempts of Mitchell and Lee palsied the feelings of almost every individual towards us. Here we were received with a warmth bordering on enthusiasm. Mr. Chester (8) unites into our plans with more ardor I think than anyone else. His address previous to submitting his resolution was passionate and eloquent, and his prayer for us this morning from the desk was full, comprehensive, interesting and affecting. Mr. Gallaudet preached for him and better than he ever preached before and so charmed were they with him, that they insisted upon his preaching again in the evening and to a very full

(1) Then Governor-Elect of New York.

(2) Col. Elisha Jenkins.

(3) John Tayler of Albany.

(4) Daniel Tompkins.

(5) James Kent, Chancellor, or head of the Court of Chancery of the State of New York, 1814-1823, and author of "Commentaries on American Law" which has assumed in the United States the position which Blackstone has long filled in England. Having Federalist leanings it was by Hamilton's counsel that the young lawyer was directed to study the doctrines of the civil law and the treatises of the jurists of continental Europe. Kent held also the positions of State Legislator, Professor of Law at Columbia College and Judge of the Supreme Court of New York.

(6) Charles Platt, 1744-1827, jurist and one of the four brothers who were the original settlers and proprietors of Plattsburgh, New York. He studied medicine in Paris and for many years after the founding of Plattsburgh was its one physician. He was the first judge of Clinton County.

(7) The Daily Advertiser.

(8) John Chester, whose mother had been a Miss Huntington of Norwich. At this time he was minister in the Second Presbyterian Church at Albany.

house. The effect will be highly beneficial throughout the State. The Legislature are impressed with a high idea of him as a Scholar, a Divine. Clerc also has excited all their compassion & esteem. (1) My tongue has been kept busy in their praise. I hardly know which I can eulogize with the most sincerity. And yet, after all, we shall not collect much here at present. The want of money is more sensibly felt here than anywhere else and the inhabitants really regret that they cannot give us more. What they do give, however, will be given with good will. I shall begin my begging tour in the morning. Even should we get but very little, I shall think our visit here will be amply repaid by the impression that is made on the Legislature.

After all this my friend (2) is absent. When I arrived and found that he was gone my heart sunk within me. So far he has not gotten back yet.

My companions join me in love to yourself and all our dear dear dear ones. (*I must come home soon*). Forget not to let our neighbours know that I remember and love them. Mr. Jones I remember with affection and as for yourself,

I am yours alone,
M. F. Cogswell

To Mrs. Cogswell”

“To Mrs. Mary A. Cogswell,
Hartford, Conn.

Albany, November 17th, 1816.

My dear Mary,

I wrote you by the mail the beginning of last week informing you of the progress we had then made; since then my labors have been incessant and not without a reward. The reward is \$1882.00, upwards of \$1100.00 in cash, and the remainder to be paid on or before the first of May. Tell Mr. Wadsworth not to despair; we will all yet live in Hartford. Providence must occasionally frown upon us when we forget our dependence upon Him, that we may be brought back to our duty and learn not to trust too much to arms of flesh. Means must be used and such as will not cost so much labor and fatigue; but if these are used, with a humble dependence on His gracious guidance, I cannot doubt of our ultimate success. The cause in which we are engaged is unquestionably the cause of truth and benevolence, and if we use the means which our Heavenly Father has put into our hands with honest hearts and industrious hands He will most assuredly bestow His blessing upon our efforts.

Twelve o'clock. I have just returned from hearing Mr. Gallaudet. He preached this morning for Dr. Bradford (3) and as usual excellently;

(1) From a letter of Nathaniel Moore's dated August, 1817: "Mr. Clerc does not speak except by signs, by means of which we saw him and Mr. Gallaudet communicate with each other as expeditiously, almost, as we do by words. With strangers he converses by writing."

(2) Probably Theodore Dwight.

(3) John Melancthon Bradford, minister of the Two-Steeple Dutch Reformed Church 1805-1830, a distinguished orator of the day, & a man of striking physical beauty. It was his daughter, Lydia, who married Mason Fitch Cogswell, Jr., when he came to live in Albany.

a genuine Connecticut sermon "in doctrine pure." As I have not Cowper at hand I cannot give you the whole quotation which I would gladly do, as I think we should both of us acknowledge and justness of the application. He is certainly a beautiful little Cowper, and he resembles him in more respects than one.

This afternoon I intend to hear Mr. Chester. Last evening I heard Dr. Nott (1) of Schenectady and was not as much pleased as I had expected to be. Perhaps my expectations were too much excited, to have been reasonably gratified, however, I might have been unreasonably disappointed.

Clerc has written to Alice that we were to leave yesterday morning; and that was our intention and I went so far as to secure our passage. But on inquiry we found that the *Car of Neptune* in which we were going was the poorest boat of three that sail or rather paddle from here to New York. Another circumstance which determined us not to go in her was that she would probably encroach on the Sabbath, as she is much more tardy in movements than the others, especially the *Richmond* in which we shall go to-morrow morning. On Tuesday morning we shall probably be in New York, and the last of the week I do most sincerely hope to be once more seated in the midst of that dear domestic circle which constitutes almost all the happiness I enjoy. True I am happy elsewhere but I am inconceivably more happy at home. Besides I really want rest for the soles of my feet have had more than a little work since I left you.

Impress the kiss of love upon the lips of all our dear ones, from Mary to Catherine; tell Mr. Jones to hold fast in the faith; and to Lovinia and Lydia and James that I have not forgotten them. May the fortunes of a kind Providence not desert you until you embrace, your ever affectionate husband,

Mason F. Cogswell

To Mrs. Cogswell"

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"To Alice Cogswell

New York, Nov. 20th, 1816

My very very dear Alice,

As soon as I came here from Albany I went to the Post Office and there I found your very good letter and it did my heart good; it went pit pat, pit pat, as yours does sometimes, when you are very glad, until I got through reading it. I thank you, my very dear little Daughter, for thinking of your Papa in his absence and of writing to him as you have done. I shall love you, if possible, the better for it.

I intend to start out for Hartford in a day or two and shall be with you on Saturday or Monday. How I long to come home and kiss you

(2) Eliphalet Nott as a Presbyterian minister holding pastorates in Cherry Valley and Albany. His most famous sermon was the one on duelling delivered after Alexander Hamilton's death. In 1804, Nott became President of Union College which he did much to rehabilitate by securing funds through a lottery permitted by an act of the State Legislature. Nott also invented the first stove for burning anthracite coal and obtained various patents on heating apparatus, through which means he amassed a large fortune.

and love you all! You must pray for me, morning and evening, that God will preserve us both in health until we see each other.

Adieu my dear and dutiful Daughter. Kiss the children for me and Mamma and Miss Huntley and Amelia and Harriet.

I am, my dear Daughter,

Your affectionate father

Mason F. Cogswell

To Miss Alice Cogswell”

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“To Dr. M. F. Cogswell

Hartford, Conn.

New York, Jan. 14, 1817.

You doubtless know, my dear Friend, that the adjourned and last meeting for the purpose of deciding upon the policy of having one only or two Institutions in the United States will take place this afternoon at 4 o'clock. Well! I shall suspend my letter till this evening to wait the issue of their decision and to communicate it to you. Mr. Gallaudet and I shall not attend the assembly; two reasons impose this conduct upon us; the first is we wish they may deliberate freely and without any influence on our part; the second is if they vote against us, we shall not be exposed to their looks of triumph; and themselves not seeing us, they will be mortified by our disdain of witnessing their unwise decision; but we shall take great care to invite our friends to be present there.

P.S.—to letter

At 7 o'clock in the evening

Ah! my worthy friend, Man proposes and God disposes; the meeting of this afternoon has decided in favour of another Institution here; I had expected this; the number of the deaf and dumb who have been enumerated amounting to 47, a part of whom are susceptible to instruction, has been one of the principal causes for the decision. The Assembly was composed of gentlemen whom I had never known—Mr. DeWitt Clinton, Judge Livingston, General Clarkson, General Stevens, the Reverend Dr. Romeyn, Dr. Mitchell, Mr. Radcliff, and our other friends, I cannot conceive why were not present, so that our party was not enough supported to get the majority of votes. They have thought of another Institution and appointed a committee of nine members to form a constitution and to petition the Legislature of New York and the corporation of the City.

Laurent Clerc”

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“To Mrs. Mary Austin Cogswell

Hartford, Conn.

Albany, Friday Jan. 8th, 1818.

At last, my dear mother, after all my railings against dancing, etc., I have indeed been to an Assembly and actually joined in “heeling it and toeing it” as high as anybody there. But I am more convinced of the truth of Mr. Valm’s assertion when he said “Indeed, Miss, your taste cannot never be for the dances”! I enjoyed myself however tolerably well for I had so many acquaintances there that I did not feel exactly among strangers. I danced quite as much as I wished (for I found it extremely awkward to refuse every time) and once with the Hon. Mr.

Duer the very best partner in the room. We returned by general consent at a little after eleven o'clock and went to bed quite as early as usual. Mary was considered the second lady in the room, being still ranked something of a bride and was led to her place by the young Patroon (1) with his chapeau under his arm. For you must know that to be very genteel and quite a la Francais the gentlemen carry a cocked hat under her arms, which I assure you appears absolutely ridiculous. The ladies dress a great deal and whether old or young, beautiful or deformed, all display their figures and expose their person more than I should think delicate for our Catherine. One lady, a very genteel and sensible woman, between forty-five and fifty, was there who left ten little children at home and was dressed in white satin with lace over short sleeves and long kid gloves. Her dress loaded with trimmings and her head with feathers. This lady is quite a belle because she dances with so much more life and spirit than the young ladies. I could not but look at her as she was slipping around and imagine what would be my feelings at seeing you in such a situation and dress.

You ask me if I have succeeded in getting a hat. Miss Charlotte Chester went out with me and gave directions for one which I like very well. I do wish you could see some of the hats which are worn here. Mrs. Clinton wears one with a wide front which flares rather backwards than forwards and does not cover half her head which is not very small. The hat then is surmounted by five enormous black plumes, the crown falling so far back that it has a most ludicrous effect.

There was the other day an exhibition of the deaf and dumb from New York held at the Lancasterian School. (2) We of course attended it and I must say it was rather shabby. The regulations were miserable for the little dirty children belonging to the school were running about among the spectators making such a clamour that we could neither see nor hear until we pushed our way to them where I came in full view of Dr. Akerly (3) who I fancy looked at me rather suspiciously particularly when he saw me whisper to Mr. N. when I detected the teacher spelling words when they could not understand the signs. I suspect he recognized me for I could not look up without meeting his eye. Some of the pupils however appeared quite intelligent and have improved more than I thought possible. There is evidently great want of sympathy and I rather thought it not the first time the pupils had been over the same lessons. Mary Rose (4) remembered me and I talked with her whenever I could do so without being observed.

We had a very pleasant party last night to the Cohoes, returned

(1) Stephen van Rensselaer, 1789-1868, the ninth Patroon. He sold a great part of his Estate while the anti-rent excitement was on, and at his death the manor itself passed out of the family.

(2) Joseph Lancaster, an English Quaker, had conceived the idea of affording an excellent education to poor children. This was achieved economically by engaging but few paid teachers and having the rest of the instruction superintended by monitors, who were themselves older pupils. There were several Lancasterian Schools started in America at this time. The Albany, one was held in the building on Eagle and Lancaster Streets, now used for the Albany Medical College.

(3) The rival deaf and dumb Institution at New York was opened in 1818. Samuel Akerly, M. D., was Secretary, Samuel L. Mitchell, M. D., President.

(4) Mary E. Rose, of Albany, one of the deaf and dumb assistants in the New York Institution, and very probably trained in the Connecticut Asylum.

through Lansinburgh and drank tea at old Mrs. Delevan's who lives there and returned in the evening. Miss Clapp and Miss Stansbury, a very fine girl from New Jersey, went in one sleigh with Mr. Bleeker whom Papa will remember as being a partner of Mr. Sedgwick's. Mary, Anna, Mr. N. and myself completed the party. Mr. Bleeker is a man of very superior talents, very polite and agreeable but he is forty-five years old and as much of a beau as you can imagine, talks about beauty and dress and fashions with as much "gout" as if he was yet in his bloom. The Falls were frozen almost entirely over but still are a grand sight. One rainbow was distinctly formed in the mist and the sun shining on the long icicles and snow made quite a splendid appearance. We passed through Troy in the evening and could see but little of it but we think of going again soon.

We are plagued to death with calls. We are going this morning to the Patroon's and I wish you could see me rigged out in white this cold winter's morning, for it will not do to make calls without white or some handsome dress under the coat. Do not be alarmed about my dressing in white for I take good care not to suffer.

Last evening we drank tea at Mrs. Backus' and had a delightful visit. There are to be two or three parties this week but I think I shall attend but one. Both Anne and myself are tired of these gay scenes and feel convinced that instead of shining in them we were formed to grace in elegant retirement the scenes of domestic life.

Mr. Baldwin has invited us to go this week to the Capitol where we expect to hear Mr. Emmet speak.(1)

Love to all. I meant to have had room for messages but I hope to have a private opportunity.

Yours most affectionately,

Mary

P. S. When Mr. Webb (2) returns I wish you would send, provided its not wanted at home, the black veil that E. wore. Also tuck in any little flowers you can find for they are in great demand. Excuse my haste and if you regard your daughter's character, do not show this letter."

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"Mrs. Emily Phillips,

Philadelphia, Pa.

Hartford, May 30th, 1821.

My dear Mrs. Phillips,—

I felt great gladness to receive your sweet letter last April and to hear that you was restored to health. Before you wrote me, I felt anxious to receive letters from you for many days. You say that you and that your good girl Susan are in probability to come here to see me in July or August. This fills my mind with sweet hopes to see them.

I expect riding from Philadelphia to here will improve your health and spirits. I am so ashamed as not to answer your letter immediately. I will

(1) Thomas Addis Emmet, who after the failure of the rising led by his brother Robert, in Ireland, emigrated to the United States. Joining the New York bar he obtained a lucrative practice and in 1812-1813 was attorney-general of New York

(2) Charles Webb who was engaged to Catherine Ledyard Cogswell, but who died before the marriage took place.

tell you of this reason. I hope you will excuse me for the delay. In the beginning of my vacation I accidently pricked a needle in the end of my right finger of which I did not care. But one day as I held the needle by the finger it hurt my nerves, so I could not sew. My mother told me I had to use something. Then the nerves of my arms felt very feeble and cold. I rested my arm on the handkerchief across my neck during almost all the vacation. I once put the blister on the finger which felt very hot. However, I amuse myself at reading books and sometimes riding with my Father. I was surprised to hear that you had formerly had a dangerous lameness of your arm by the needle.

You cannot imagine how I was glad at the arrival of Mr. Clerc. Every Hartford body is extremely happy to see him. He is fleshy, happy and healthy. He has made a great deals of travels in the part of Europe. When you come here you will undoubtedly feel glad to see him again. I suppose you have not heard of this, that the new Asylum is completely finished, and the deaf and dumb persons live already there now. I used to go to school nowadays, sometimes in a chaise when it rains. But I dine with the D. and D. every noon. It is a most delightful and cool place and has as fine a prospect as I ever saw or felt. When you are in this town I will show you the apartments of the new Asylum. In the highest story it is a very large garret called the hall and has four arched windows. You will be delighted to view the prospect.

The new Asylum has been dedicated about a few weeks ago. A great number of people assembled to hear Mr. Gallaudet's sermon, and a dedicatory hymn written by Mrs. Sigourney was sung. I will tell you about circumstances of this when I see you for it is too long an account.

Tell Susan that I am very glad to know that she can understand French. Mr. Clerc will be happy to have her talk with him by finger for French words.

I must finish this for it is late. Give much love to Susan. I shall be very glad to meet her and you in July or August. Goodnight,
Believe me, your sincere friend,
Alice"

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"Instit. for Deaf & Dumb
N. Y. 28 Aug. 1821

Dr. M. F. Cogswell

Dear Sir:—

The Committee of Instruction have directed me to send you for the Library of the Hartford Institute for the Deaf & Dumb a work lately published here entitled "Elementary Exercises for the Deaf & Dumb." This work has grown out of our wants in this Institution and probably never would have been published if Mr. G.'s book had been in use in our school. I never saw but one copy of it and that was brought by Mary Rose I believe from Hartford. We were informed by our late Superintendent that it could not be procured for the use of our School, and therefore after experiencing difficulties for the want of method or plan, I was set to work and compiled the volume I send you.

I have been induced thro' Mr. Stansbury (1) to believe that an

(1) Teacher in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

unfriendly disposition existed in your Institution toward us, and I was not alone in that belief, wherefore no intercourse has taken place between us. The cause of that belief being removed in the change which has taken place in the management of this Institution, we now hope that an interchange of good wishes and offices may begin and continue between our Institutions as is fit and becoming men and Christians in the pursuit of the same objects thro' Charity and Benevolence. We wish success to yours and all other Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb.

I have the first report of your Institution. Will you be so good as to send me your 2nd and 3rd?

With respectful consideration

I am, Dear Sir, your most obt

Samuel Akerly

Secy".

From Hartford—Oct. 15, 1821, M. F. C. answers as follows:—

"The peculiar circumstances under which your Institution commenced, the Principal you first employed and the entirely different mode of instruction which you at first adopted, rendered it not only useless and inexpedient, but absolutely forbid us from holding any intercourse respecting the deaf and dumb, however much we might have wished it. Now that your Institution has found a new character and you have come forward with friendly advances we willingly accept your proffered kindness and wish you every success."

New York.

Hartford, May 16th, 1822.

My dear Children,—

I wish I could tell how delightful everything looks. Every tree and bush are in flower, this country never looked more enchanting and I seldom see a flower which you have admired with me without feeling gratitude that this is the first Spring since your birth that we have not enjoyed together. We are I trust enjoying it separately and very differently, if profitably it will be well.

We are going to tea at Fanny's this afternoon. The Butlers are there. Thomas Perkins has gone to the Mountain (1) to-day with E. Apthorpe and Miss Cook. A. Flint has returned. I have not seen her but hope to soon. You must go and see Aunt Betsey Ledyard, (2) do not fail. Mrs. Ellsworth is recovering from her late illness. Carissa Brown is I think well out of danger, she goes to evening parties and appears well.

And now what shall I say of home—in the first place your Father rides and walks and eats and smokes and talks as much and as well as he ever does. Alice is a dear good girl and endeavors to fill both your place and her own in the family. Mason has begun his school and gardening. He is still squirrel hunting. Kate is the same old sixpence dipping into a little of everything. I hope it will not be long before we can see you

(1) "The Mountain" a place where the Wadsworth family lived occasionally. It was situated ten miles from Hartford, and was also called "Wadsworth Tower."

(2) The John Ledyard who was born in England and died in Hartford in 1771 married twice. First a Deborah Youngs by whom he had 10 children. One of these was Elizabeth or this "Aunt Betsey." She never married and there are letters extant showing that her sister Mary Ledyard and her brother-in-law Col. Thomas Seymour were ever mindful of her needs. John Ledyard's second marriage was with Mary Austin by which there were 5 children.

among us. However, we wish you to make out your visit. I hope your father will send you some money by this opportunity. You do not say whether you want any or not, you must write and let us know the state of your funds.

Love to Aunt Stephens and particularly to Mary. Make all proper salutations. It grows late and I must finish my letter by saying that I love you as much, if not more, than ever.

Your most affectionate mother,
Mary A. Cogswell”

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“To Miss Mary A. Cogswell
c/o Peter W. Radcliffe,
New York

Hartford, May 31st, 1823.

My dear Daughter,—

I have just returned from Church. Mr. Brace, nephew to the Deacon, preached this afternoon and would have done pretty well if the Yankee in his pronunciation had not tried to be Southern.

Well, what to say I know not. I write so few letters that my hand is quite out, and Mamma I presume has informed you of whatever has transpired worthy of your notice. We are solitary enough without you, you may rest assured. At our meals the little square table and that not half filled.

Alice has been a charming girl helping her Mamma in many things and occasionally riding out with me but she will be taken from us on the morrow as she commences her school again for the summer, and only Catherine and Mason to help us; and from your last, I don't see that you are ever like to come home again. A fortnight at Paterson, a week at Aunt Stephens and how long at Great Neck, Lloyds' Neck, I know not, and then Mr. Radcliffe's for three weeks permission. Mercy on you, you will recover at home. I must leave this affair for your mother to manage. It is too weighty for me.

Now and then a beau pops in just to know when we expect the girls home, especially H. and Tom. The former two or three evenings since you have been gone. Jack has been very good and comes about every evening.

I was very much gratified to hear of your being about to visit Stamford. I hope your visit was a pleasant one, hope, indeed. I know it could not be otherwise.

To all my Particulars remember me particularly. You know who they are. To any others just what you please to say. To name them I cannot, my paper would not hold them. But to yourselves, I say, once for all, you are very dear to your affectionate parent,

Mason F. Cogswell

To Miss Mary A. Cogswell”

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Before we start on Alice Cogswell's quaint diary let us marshall what stray facts can still be found about her.

Her hair was dark. She had great powers of mimicry and could keep people in gales of laughter by impersonating their friends. One of her bits of handwork was a two yard piece of fine thread knit lace

that was passed along in the family for different babies' clothes for a century or so.

Alice danced well and was lively at parties. Music excited her constant and eager interest, and was the subject of her persistent inquiries. She would lean upon the piano and feel its vibrations, but was sure there was much more in music than that. "Why cannot you tell me," she said, "how music dies away?" "Is it like the smoke that curls so majestically and vanishes slowly?" "Is it like the wave that moves in different shapes?"

Alice is said to have always taken a little slate about with her to make conversation possible with those who could not employ the sign language of the deaf and dumb. One of the few words she learned to speak aloud in the strained, eery voice of the unhearing was PRETTY.

A Journal written by Alice Cogswell, 1826.

From Hartford, Conn., to Paterson, New Jersey.

On the 25th of September, 1826, after nine o'clock, it was one of the first mornings, with a sweet air and the weather was changed very much since the rain, on the two preceding days—I left Dear Hartford, my native place, with my relations of Paterson. They are the Revd Mr. Fisher, (1) & his daughter Elizabeth, (2) who is about my age. I never travelled alone without some of my father's family & I do not feel dependant, I hope so.

We enjoyed ourselves in looking at the first tints of Autumn & its rich colour, & admired the prospect highly. My cousin Elizabeth conversed very pleasantly with me about Hartford & other things. When you proceed from Hartford to Berlin you will enjoy the prospect, for being so novel & picturesque.

We stopped at Berlin, to call & see Miss Goodrich, the youngest sister of Mrs. Whittlesey, who was once the mistress at the Asylum for the Deaf & Dumb, at Hartford. Miss G. gave us such cordial refreshments and we eat some cakes and drank wine. I should say that Berlin is a neat and pleasant village.

After bidding her goodbye, we proceeded thence to Meriden. The Revd Mr. Fisher wished to call and see his friend the Revd Mr. Hinsdale. We were very kindly invited to eat dinner with his family and spent our time very pleasantly. After dinner, we immediately drove off and you would not be dissatisfied with seeing the scenery & simple streams round that place and with looking over the pretty landscape while riding on.

As you approach New Haven, you will have a fine view of thick woods, hills and East Rock. *The latter* is still celebrated for its grandeur, and perhaps hardly compare with any in this country. I acknowledge that I have travelled *but little*. Closely advancing towards that city, without doubt you would admire two rows of poplar trees a mile long which shows a very novel perspective before you shall have reached the hill. We arrived there just after twilight and were very happy to meet our friend, Mrs. Whelphy, & her sister, Mrs. Brown of New York. After tea, we spent a very pleasant evening with them, and were obliged

(1) Alice Cogswell, daughter of Dr. James and Elizabeth (Davenport) Cogswell, married Rev. Samuel Fisher, D. D. and in 1816 moved to Paterson, N. J.

(2) Born 1806 and later married to Rev. Josiah Fisher.

to go and see Mr. and Mrs. Silliman on the purpose of handing Mr. S. the letter from Hartford. We returned to Mrs. W's who had wished us to spend a night with them. We accepted her polite invitation, and slept very well from fatigue, except Mrs. Ruen's little child's cries prevented the minister from sleep, but I was glad I could not hear them, & I need not to be cruel to him, and yet when he said, "I did not sleep well last night for I awoke by the noise of the cries," I smiled at this sentence.

On the 26th of September.

We took leave of our dear friends at nine o'clock, and with regret, we have to give up the pleasure of spending a few days, to see a number of my friends at New Haven. The weather was changed and it was cloudy, yet sultry, tho' we enjoyed ourselves at the survey of N. H. and the military exercises. They were very neatly and handsomely dressed. The appearance of N. H. is much admired, indeed, to the eye of a stranger. Nearly leaving that city, you will have an extensive view of the embosoming woods at a distance and besides, your admiration will rise as riding on & looking carefully and delightfully at the very wood. After having reached the hill, you may, perhaps, have an indescribable delight of seeing West Rock and its scenery must be a specimen of the landscapes of England or other foreign countries. But it was a sad thing that when I looked at West Rock, it was a fog which began to die away, and I should have tried to admire the scenery & the W. Rock amid a mist. Your attention would still be attracted by looking at Nature for being very wild & Beautiful when leaving N. H.

We passed through Milford, a tolerably pleasant village, which made us think that it appeared much like East Hartford. Thence we arrived at the tavern of Stratford, a very delightful place, for its adjacent, noble river (1), and the minister offered us the refreshments. We drank some good milk punch and eat crackers. He ordered the servant to make a fire for us & we sat very comfortably around a fireside. After some moments, a carriage stopped, & a number of very genteel, but not refined passengers entered & they seemed as if they were independent. We guessed that they must be from the South, for their manners are different from ours.

After our dinner we crossed a very long bridge and entered into a scanty town. When you ride through Bridgeport, your attention will be much attracted by its fine, capacious harbour, trees & houses. It may appear to be a pleasant, promising city. I would rather stop & take a walk around that city, but could not.

We proceeded thence & were gazing at the prospect which was wild, yet pleasant. Two pretty, gentle cascades were seen there. About 3 o'clock P. M. we arrived at the Fairchild tavern. The town is very plain, but its inhabitants must be very good & honest, I can only imagine so. We drank tea & eat some chickens for the benefit of the Revd Mr. Fisher's headache. Immediately, we hastened to leave Fairchild & the country continued to be admired, for its beauty & wildness.

Passing through Saugatuc, a romantic place, a sudden shower came on there, & my cousin had changed her mind to stop and see her friends the Miss Sherwoods, because it was best to hasten to get Norwalk before dark. The Revd Mr. F. lodged at Dr. Paton's, who knows my cousins

(1) Housatonic River.

very well & I was introduced to them & esteemed him & his wife, too. I retired very early & slept sweetly but my cousin Elizabeth sat up very late, to bathe her father's head with cologne. She took care of him. Truly, she was very good & kind.

On the 27th—

It was very gloomy in the morning when I awoke. I felt much refreshed, but discouraged to find that the minister had a little fever & also the dreadful headache. He could not come down for breakfast. It was very good, particularly coffee. At ten, he tried to get up & felt very little comfortable. The air was heavy for its sultriness & I believe it was a southerly wind. I did not feel well with this weather & naturally prefer warm weather to cold.

Just after ten, we left Norwalk as the clouds began to clear off. You will, with wonder, gaze at the tall & finely shaped trees, along the road & their leaves were beautifully variegated. After eight miles, we were very happy to get Stamford & politely received by our friend Mrs. Lockwood. We dined with her, spending a pleasant afternoon. At 3 o'clock, my cousin Elizabeth had a most delightful ride with me together, two miles from Stamford, to see our dear friend Mrs. Holly's country-seat. The country round her house is inexpressibly delightful, for its beautiful harbour & summerhouse which is handsomely laid on the shore & I entered it, enjoyed one of the best airs & with inhaling some sweet breeze from the Long-island Sound for some while. Were you ever there, you would, perhaps, admire to live & build a house on the shore. Stamford is a healthy, pleasant village and its air agrees with me very much. I felt much refreshed with it.

Sep. 28th

As Mr. Fisher's illness prevented us from going to New York, I was not at all discontented, but pleased with my short visit for two days. Spending a whole day with Mrs. L. I was interested in looking for a variety of books in the library. I was very sorry for the minister who was obliged to take emetic & in the evening he felt very little better & said "Elizabeth, his best nurse."

Sep. 29th

Mr. F. feels better & makes us hasten to be ready. As you leave Stamford, you will think the way from that town to New York is the most hilly you ever knew, but you must enjoy the prospect. When we arrive at Greenwich, we had the unexpected pleasure of meeting Mr. Lewis, one of his daughters, who is the wife of Mr. Peet, among the teachers of the Deaf & Dumb at Hartford. The outside of his house is very handsome & a beautiful river runs along the shore which presents a very charming scene before you.

I now bid farewell to Connecticut, & we land on the State of New York. The country there and here is inexpressibly enchanting, for you will observe many elegant summer-houses where persons of fashion return from New York when it is visited by fevers, &c. About five, we are all much fatigued for we did not stop anywhere from Stamford, except at a tavern six miles from New York. We eat supper then and it is called a fashionable one before we arrive N. Y. Such is told by my cousins.

We now arrive at the entrance of New York as it was just dark. We could not quite hardly see those buildings, & at length the lamps begin to be lightened up as we arrive. It is the most dazzling city I ever saw in my life. Thousands of people pass in the street & the windows of the stores have shown the light; gas, etc. a long time and it hurt my eyes. We are very welcome & received by Mr. Davenport who is related to my cousins. They are all polite and agreeable to us. Mr. Fisher's head ached again so violently that he was obliged to retire early. It saddened us very much. At 9 o'clock we were so fatigued that we bid them good-night.

September 30th

The morning was fine with a favorable wind, yet it was mild. The evening before I heard of the good news of my particular friend who was married to a Mr. Mitchell. I had the honor of calling on her. Then we went to the New York Asylum for the D. & D. I was told that she had been out of town. I was sadly disappointed not to see her.

We walked in Broadway and enjoyed ourselves with seeing every objects new and gay. Mr. Fisher could not rise till ten o'clock for his head ached but he felt a little better. He came to a resolution and made us ready.

At half past ten, from New York, we had a most delightful sailing by the steamboat. The scene on the Sea was very novel and interesting. The prospect, as we rode along, was peculiarly delightful. We arrived at a tavern in Norfolk, N. J. Mr. Fisher grew so sick that he was obliged to lie down for a few moments. We rested and ate some crackers and milk punch. Poor Mr. F. did not feel better and could not drive, but charged his daughter to do so. I took care of him and bathed his head with a cologne water. He was indeed very pale and sick and had the symptoms of fever and ague. We rode slowly to Paterson at sunset. His family seemed very sad to see him sick, but too happy to see Miss Fisher and myself. Then we were very happy and felt quite at home.

October 2nd

It was a fine Sabbath morning as Mr. Fisher could not preach to his own people and there was no meeting, I had better stay at home reading. Mr. Fisher was very sick with the fever all day. In the afternoon I attended the Episcopal Church with my cousins. It was a very small, though elegant one and the ladies dressed much more tastefully than those of Hartford. The clergyman Mr. Crois was very tall and pleasant and the sound of the organ rolled so loud that I could feel it around me and was pleased with it. In the evening I went to the conference with my cousins. It was a very interesting meeting of the elders. As I was much affected by reading one of the songs they sang to the people "To a sad minister."

October 3rd

The Revd Mr. Fisher's fever rose on so highly that his head ached dreadfully and could not be still on the pillow. The day was beautiful. I spent all the morning in drawing the pattern for my collar. In the afternoon I went out to take a walk around the town which was very pleasant to me and also to the shoppings with my cousins to get a comfortable deshabelle for Mr. Fisher.

October 4th

The day is bright and very fine so that my cousin promised to go with me to the celebrated water-falls. It is called Passaic Falls. In the morning we received considerable company with pleasure. They called to inquire after the health of Revd Mr. F. He is fortunately getting slowly recovered from fever and ague.

In the afternoon about four o'clock we walked all around the city which I am quite convinced was very flourishing and larger than I expected. One of those streets was my favorite sight for a stream of water runs between houses and streets and the weeping willow kiss entirely to the water which made a very novel and rural appearance. A long fence was formed against the stream. Before you see the falls you will enjoy the beauty of scenery which rises above and below the masses of rocks on some of which trees grow. On the other side there are mountains of trees which make a very novel and beautiful aspect to your eye. There are many fine windings of streams and walk—sides among the grounds of the falls. You ascend up by the stairs and walk troublesome over rocks. When you wish to stand on the brink you would almost be lost in horror in beholding the opening gulf of rocks. You must keep a firm step over it and look down to the depth of the precipice in wonder and enjoy the snowy foams of water curling on the river below. The other precipice frowns before you, but on its level side is a fine sort of woods. Again, keep a firmer step over the opening gulf of rock and approached the Falls after a hard ascent. I thought it was somewhat altered in its appearance than when I was there before for the water was very low. I was told that it is carried away into the mills. When I saw them before, I recollected the sheet of water once was seen running on the level side and smoothly over the precipice. The consequence was perhaps that it did not rain much. But I expect to go again after a shower of rain and tell you how it looks. As you wish to see the bottom of the Falls, you must kneel down, unless you fall over. You will see the other kind of waterfalls which may be called a contract. Before the Passaic Falls you will observe many beautiful cascades and the scenery appeared so wild, novel and beautiful before you. We returned home very dark.

October 5th

The day is again beautiful and I however stay at home, working on my coliar and frequently think of home and my Hartford and New York friends and my rambles the day before. I took to the Falls. I met with nothing remarkable.

October 6th

The day still continues beautifully and I spend the morning pleasantly in sewing with my cousin and I received a call from Miss Wallace and her mother who were very kind and pleasant. At six o'clock we made a sociable visit at Mrs. Amelia Warren's as we promised. She was from Philadelphia and came to live here with Dr. Warren who has a strong resemblance with my father's profile. They have two very lovely children. He has a very good sounded organ which I can hear when it played very loud. We spent the evening very delightfully.

October 7th

The morning is still fine, but it is rather chilly. The very unexpected meeting of Mary, my sister, rejoiced me and I ran downstairs and em-

braced her for having not seen her about three months. She instantly introduced the Miss Stansbury of Bellville, New Jersey, to me. It was one of the most joyful meetings of my own sister in a stranger land from home. We enjoyed our conversation. Miss Stansbury had a very pressing invitation for me to go with Mary and the Miss Stansbury to spend two days at Bellville. I told them that it would give me pleasure but I feared to trespass on their kindness, though I was a stranger to her. She encouraged me to go and did not like to have me stay without seeing my sister. Then I very happily accepted their request.

We had a very pleasant ride from Paterson to Bellville which is an enchanted spot for exhibiting a romantic scenery and a fine town. I should say the Stansbury family live in one of the most delightful places I ever knew. We took a hearty dinner after a ride. In the afternoon we went to the calico manufactory where we were much pleased, and towards night we returned. In the evening Miss Stansbury played on the piano and I was fond of hearing it. Just like a flute when my ear layed close to the piano. We retired at ten o'clock.

October 8th

It was on Sunday, with a fine morning and we went to the Episcopal Church where Mr. Mathews preached. In the afternoon I was fatigued and chose to stay at home with two of the Miss Stansbury. They were Anne and Sarah who were very interesting. We read partly and conversed with each other by fingers partly. My sister Mary went with two Miss Stansbury to the church. After church we had a small party among whom were the Messers. Mathews, Kearney, and Clark and Miss Schuyler who partook of our pleasure with their society. A very pleasant evening was passing away.

October 9th

In the evening at nine o'clock we had a very sad parting with my sister and Anne Stansbury. They rode in a barrouche with Miss Schuyler and Mr. Mathews to New York. I spent the morning with the Stansburys in walking in the garden. After twelve, my cousins Mr. and Mrs. Fisher came for me and we all dined here. At three o'clock we took a farewell leave of the Stansbury family and left Bellville with regrets. We arrived at Paterson at seven o'clock.

October 10th

What a fine morning it is! I spent all the day in sewing and thinking of Bellville a great deal. I walked with my cousins after tea in the moonlight to make a call on Mrs. Wallace. We returned home and ate boiled chestnuts. As for myself I ate too much boiled ones so that I fell sick in the night.

October 11th

I was so ill that I could not get up. I was on the bed all the day, enjoyed myself with reading. In the evening I felt a little better.

October 12th

I was almost well but felt very languid on account of the equinox and the day being very rainy and unpleasant. I was quite contented with staying at home and working on my collar. In the afternoon I was writing home and again for a few minutes in the evening. About ten o'clock my cousin was boiling chestnuts for our repast. Ah! I must eat but few of them or else I should fall sick again in the next morning.

October 13th

I woke very early and found myself very well and happy too. I stayed here sewing respecting the gloom of the weather and it rained alternately. I spent a part of the afternoon in perusing the book I admired highly. In the evening the rest of the family has gone to the Meeting House for an infant was to be baptized by Mr. Fisher. I spent the whole evening in some frolic with my cousins which I need not say to you. What a very bright and lovely moonlight was!

October 14th

The morning was so inviting that my cousin E. determined to go and make calls which we did not return since we came here, the numberless engagements had hindered us before. At eleven we skipped for delight enjoying the air. We hasten to go and call on Mrs. Ogden who was lately married and from Elizabethtown, N. J. My cousin blamed herself in leaving the letter for her home so long, she was much detained that she asked pardon to Mrs. O. I was introduced to her and liked her very much. She entered into a very sociable conversation with me and seemed to me unaffected and interesting. Then we returned Mrs. Dickenson's call but she was sick. We stepped quickly at a few shoppings. As it has struck twelve o'clock we hasten to make another call unless it might be high time. It was almost one when we called to see the bride at Dr. Warren's. She was Miss Devereux of Utica, who was lately married to Mr. Catlin of Paterson. We had a very delightful visit from them. Mrs. Warren politely invited us to dine with her but we declined accepting her request. Bidding them good-bye a friend of my cousin's called for us. So we spent one or two hours with her as we enjoyed ourselves without any dinner and we did not feel very hungry. Then we left here and at four we were obliged to return Mrs. Colt's call and her family was uncommonly pleasant. We ate some cake and drank some wine which really satisfied us and stayed there for a pretty long while.

Then we again went to a shopping where I bought something which I need not tell you. Returning home we were gazing fondly on the glory of a twilight. We were happy to rest ourselves at home at ease. After tea we took a walk for pleasure. How mild and lovely it was in the moonlight almost as clear as daylight!

At nine o'clock we went to the Falls again which appeared far more beautiful than I ever imagined after showers. Being dumb with admiration at the sight of soft beam of the moon and the serenity of the sky which forms a striking contrast with the rugged rocks; bold precipices, distant beauties of nature, and the noble falls of water which crowded my thoughts about many dangers of life. I cannot paint you the sight of Passaic Falls, they are striking, interesting and even romantic around me. The moon shone so brightly that a sheet of water seemed white, rolling smoothly and purely, at the bottom clashing each wave in violence and spattering over and everywhere was nigh, running along the river with snowy foams which presented a fine sight. We returned home much fatigued.

October 15th

Today is a beautiful Sabbath Day and the Communion at Mr. Fitch's house. I went there and was pleased with its appearance and the people were very sober and attentive to the sermon.

After dinner I went with my cousin to the Episcopal Church but it was shut. However we were much disappointed and returned home. I spent the whole afternoon reading the books called "The Guardians." They were very profitable and interesting ones.

October 16th

It was cloudy and rainy so that I was satisfied with sewing. We anticipated the pleasure of retaking a walk to the other side of the Falls towards night. Very happily it became clear and pleasant. Now we reached the eminence of the precipice and when you are there you would not be able to describe me about it. I had a full view of the universal town of Paterson below and the windings of the river, seen amongst there and here. The moonbeams softly fall upon the water which glitters like diamonds. Every window lighted up and made the town very bright.

Leaving this spot we met many inconveniences as we approached the Falls. When we reached there, oh! the most rude rocks that we ever passed over! It was so dangerous and slippery that we were obliged to hold each other carefully. I was much interested at seeing the gentle waterfalls whose measure was very wide but it was rather short. But it formed a beautiful contrast with the rude cascade which was seen beneath these falls. The water ran so rapidly over the masses of rock that it splattered over all as if we had a shower. It looked like a smoke. The water also seemed to roar and rolled violently over the precipice which spoke a very dangerous thing yet a very beautiful fall. What a romantic scenery appeared at a distance!

When we turned back being struck with admiration of the full moon whose beams peeped through the shade of trees. Again we were on the top of the very precipice which I have described the above to you, but it has improved by the bright moon and lamps. We were so happy to reach the foot of a mountain that we soon rested at home. I was so tired that I retired at seven o'clock!

I forgot to tell you this evening I had the honor of receiving a billet for a bridal party at Mrs. Warren's tomorrow evening. We shall be very happy to go there.

October 17th

What a refreshing rest I had last night! What a lovely day it is to-day. I was very busy about my dress. We returned home at twelve o'clock. I have time to say, "Yes the party is gone." We enjoyed ourselves very much. The people were very lively and polite. The refreshments, cakes, etc. were very splendid. The bride seemed very happy and honoured by all who visited there.

October 18th

The morning was very unpleasant. When I awoke, I did not feel well, for I eat too much trifling things last night, but I tried to get up. Afterwards I felt better staying at home all day.

October 19th, 20th, 21st.

The weather continued very dismal and it rained by turns. I stay at home, meeting with nothing new, but I felt very contented with my relations and sewing.

October 22nd

To-day is Sunday and still cloudy. I prefer reading than going to church.

October 23rd

This morning the clouds began to clear off, with a beautiful and blue sky. In the afternoon we went to see Mrs. Warren and she walked with us to the stores. We returned home.

October 24th

We were engaged to take tea at Mrs. Nazoo's where I met some of my good new acquaintances. We enjoyed ourselves there indeed.

October 27th

We were again invited to take tea at Mrs. Collet's. She had a very pleasant party given to us. It was very lively when there was a dancing, one called a Simple Cotillion and the other a Bouloge. Mrs. Collet is the sister of Miss Wallace and came to make her a visit. She is from Philadelphia.

November 1st

We received a call from Miss Hillyer and her brother from Oranges, N. J. and Miss B. of New York and were much pleased with their company. We went to visit the Falls notwithstanding the cloudy day. We had a fine view of it, because it rained before the morning. When we went to the canal we were caught in showers, though enjoying the canal and two falls. The company dined with us and took leave of us in the afternoon.

November 3rd

We had an invitation to tea at Mrs. Colt's, but we declined it for we had many engagements for New York. We have concluded to visit there this week.

November 4th

In the afternoon I was making farewell calls with my cousin. The last call which I made on Mrs. Warren who urged us to stay and take tea with her. We consented and spent our time very pleasantly in talking with Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Catlin. We returned home at eight o'clock to pack our trunks.

November 5th

On Saturday took leave of my dear relations and Paterson. My cousin Elizabeth and myself rode in a carriage with cousin Samuel Fisher (1) as the morning was very bright and refreshing air. We were much delighted with the very beauty of last autumn and its faded but beautifully variegated leaves.

When we approached New York closely the sky was becoming muddy. We saw the smoke coming from the city at a distance. We sailed there by the steamboat. We arrived at New York at twelve o'clock. We stayed at Mr. A. Davenport's who seemed very happy to see us. At five o'clock we were obliged to see my aunt, Mrs. Stevens. She was heartily glad to see me, wishing us to stay tea with her. We were happy. We prom-

(1) Samuel Ware Fisher, afterwards Presbyterian Minister in Cincinnati, Albany and Utica, and President of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., 1858 to 1868.

ised to make her a visit on Monday. We bade her good-night going to Mr. Davenport's again.

November 6th

The clouds began to disperse so that we went to the Presbyterian Meeting House which was handsome and large in the morning. In the afternoon we went to St. George's Church where Mr. Douglas appeared to us a very earnest and good preacher. But his sermon was very long as the sun almost set down.

November 7th

I am very sorry to say that I have no time to write an account of my visit at New York for a week, but I have time to say that we are in a constant whirl of bustle. We receive a great deal of company, return calls, & walk every day so that we feel very much fatigued. New York is beginning to be gay. I am much pleased with its appearance while I make there a short visit. I enjoyed myself much with my aunt. (1) We visited the theatre called the Park Theatre. Richard the Third acted there. It was a very splendid public building and was full of company when we sat in the gallery. All was the scene of gaiety and splendor, but I was much surprised to see those who acted. As I felt much fatigued returned home at ten o'clock. Next morning I felt very dull for having had a restless night. At four o'clock in the afternoon we went to the Oliver Ellsworth boat. I took leave with regret of all my relations, the Stevens and my cousin Elizabeth. I came home with my cousin Catherine Fisher (2) in the boat. The next day we all happily arrived at Hartford in safety. I was overjoyed to see my parents' family and all my friends again.

Finis

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In May, 1828, Mary Austin Cogswell was married to Lewis Weld. As we see from the letters the hearts of the whole Cogswell family were immediately won by this first of in-laws.

Lewis Weld graduated from Yale in the class of 1818. His original intention was to go into the ministry. But during his last year at New Haven Dr. Gallaudet visited Yale to encourage some of its undergraduates to enter into the teaching of the Deaf and Dumb. Weld was persuaded to undertake this kind of teaching and went to Hartford upon graduation. So rapidly did he grasp the instruction of deaf mutes that in 1822 he was offered the principalship of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. He held this position till 1830 when he succeeded Dr. Gallaudet at Principal of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb in Hartford.

* * *

"Miss Catherine Cogswell

Hartford, Conn.

1828.

I hope you will not think me extravagant, dear Kate, for writing on bath paper but it happens to be the most convenient and as I cannot fill a larger one I will take the first that offers. Pa and me are here! Now

(1) Probably Aunt Stevens.

(2) Catherine Avery Fisher, born 1810.

let me give you a little history of their arrival, their journey, etc. Poor ma had scarcely lost sight of Hartford before she was convinced a hard headache was in store for her, indeed she felt it before she left home but would not let anyone know it. She suffered with it all night and when they arrived in New York she could not think of proceeding on her journey and pa went to Bunker's to speak for a room. It required a great effort for ma to remove to it because she was so sick. However she was very comfortable there and awoke the next morning so well that she determined to start off for the boat. Her headache was quite gone though it left her very weak. You have heard of the roads across Jersey. Ma said she thought she should have shaken to pieces the road was so rough and it is the greatest wonder that it did not make her quite sick. She, however, took a good nap in the boat and when she arrived here she was very well, perfectly free from the headache and in fine spirits.

Now to change the scene and tell you how anxiously we expected them. Mary had her house all cleaned the week beforehand from the garret to the cellar so that ma's specs need not spy too many wonders. Monday afternoon E. Bradford and I walked out to a green-house two miles from the city and bought a beautiful bunch of flowers to make our parlors look handsomely. Tuesday morning I removed from the chamber I had occupied in the second to one in the third story and much pleasure I assure you we had in making these preparations. About four o'clock we began to expect them and Mr. Weld went down to meet them. There we sat and watched every carriage till almost dark when Mr. Weld came walking home with the intelligence that they had not arrived. We then gave them up entirely till the last of the week thinking something had prevented their setting out. But a lingering sort of hope induced me to decline going to a concert to which I was engaged for Wednesday evening and almost unconsciously I took my seat by the window to watch the carriages. Mr. Weld and I were sitting there reading newspapers quite contentedly when my attention was attracted by a carriage and the same instant I saw pa's face. It was a minute after I saw them before I could speak so that the carriage had passed the house before Mr. Weld got to the door. I heard pa's voice saying "Oh! there he is" and the next moment, dear Kate, you must imagine our happiness for I am sure I cannot express it.

I leave the rest for ma.

Yours,

Elizabeth

I do not know that I can bring my mind and pen to do anything on this exquisite paper but as I have done some new things since I left home, such as having a hard headache in the steamboat and at Bunker's and being almost as comfortable as at home I shall not despair at a trifle. We had a very pleasant ride from Brunswick to Trenton principally because we were well, the weather pleasant, the carriage easy, the passengers agreeable, your father and myself in good humor, an unruly horse, a good driver, *horrid roads*, and for myself, almost starved. We found all well and happy. For a long time I could not believe I was indeed in Mary's own *hired house* and that I held them both, all four, in my arms. Little Mason (1) is a very fine child and I find that I can

(1) Mason Cogswell Weld, the first grandchild, born March, 1829.

love him a little. He is not very handsome except his hands and arms and they are perfect. Tell Sally he rubs his nose till he cries with the pain and the first thing he did for us was to curl up his under lip in a most becoming manner. He is in his basket now by my side and Elizabeth is I believe trying to sing him to sleep but as it is rather a dubious noise I will not be certain.

My best and kindest love to yourself, for dear Alice and for all the dear family you are in, for Fanny and all her family. Miss Cowgill (1) is here and I must say good-bye.

Your most affectionate mother,

M. A. Cogswell"

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"Mr. Lewis Weld,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Hartford, Dec. 23rd, 1828.

My dear Children;—

As I desire to communicate with you on a subject which will equally interest you all I address you together; should I have anything to say to you separately I shall call you by name. Mrs. C. and Catherine are gone on a party at Mr. Wells', and as I like your company better than any I should find there I am going as you see.

I know not how far Mrs. C. and Kate have gone into the subject of Mr. Hawes' (2) *Call* in either of their letters; but I presume I can give you a more circumstantial account than they could and with which I hope at least you will be gratified. You know the situation at the church from which the call proceeded. Its plan of colonizing etc., and so sure were they of obtaining Mr. Hawes for their pastor that the moment they began to build they began to talk openly of him as their spiritual guide; indeed so confident were they that the great man of the little city of Hartford would yield to the demands of the great city of New York that they even went so far as to pray for him (not by name) publicly at one of their evening services, who was about to leave his people to supply *their* wants and likewise for the people whom he was about to leave; and all this the Sunday evening a week before Mr. Hawes had declared his determination to us. This we have from a gentleman from Norwich who heard the prayer. Within two or three years past several circumstances had transpired which had considerably alarmed the fears of our church and namely, lest Mr. Hawes might be tempted to leave us, and those fears had been increased, by his having occasionally expressed an opinion in favor of a minister sometimes removing from his people. Under this state of feeling it was that the call was announced to us and

(1) Matron of the Deaf & Dumb Asylum in Philadelphia and much beloved by the Cogswell family.

(2) Pastor of the old First Church (commonly known as the "Centre Church") which M. F. C. attended in Hartford. In 1636 this church with its two pastors, its ruling elder, and its deacon, had emigrated in a body from Newton (now Cambridge) Massachusetts to its present position, then a wilderness, in the Connecticut valley. Joel Hawes was the tenth pastor of this grand old church and was considered by many to be one of the most distinguished divines of that period. The celebrated Dr. Lyman Beecher also assisted with the preaching at the Centre Church during this period of unusual interest in religious matters.

to Mr. H. in one of the New York papers. The report was immediately followed by the fact that the delegates were on hand. They soon arrived and very few were glad to see them; they were treated civilly, however, I believe, by everyone but Dr. B——n; he called them robbers and I believe treated them as such. You can hardly conceive how great an excitement was produced throughout his church and society. The delegates tarried but two nights and a day. They delivered their message and returned without an answer or any encouragement. Then came the inquiry:—what has Mr. Hawes done? Nothing was the answer. Nothing! Why did he hesitate a moment, says one? He should have opened their letters, say others. I would have made short work of it, said a third, and so ought Mr. Hawes to have done. Pray, interposed one, of a milder and more rational temperament, do let the man have time to think a little before he makes up his mind. In an instant he was answered in almost a tone of anger, “No! he has no business to think a minute, he belongs to the Society as much as his wife belongs to him. If he begins to think and hesitate, I say for one, ‘Let him go’, etc.” All this I heard in the barber shop to my sorrow and mortification.

As my intimacy in the family was well known, I was stopped at almost every corner, in almost every lane and questioned in almost every house where I went;—“What has Mr. Hawes done or what is he determined to do?” My answer was, I know nothing about it nor do I believe anyone else does, not even himself, and if I attempted to excuse him or account for his delaying, they would even some of the best of them become very impatient and almost angry. I had a hard task of it. I had often to conceal and suppress and console my feeling lest I should become angry myself. I thought it my duty to use every exertion in my power to repress the public impatience and to convince them that Mr. H. was doing right. I saw daily how the poor man suffered; how ardently and prayerfully he sought the path of duty. He communed with no individual on the subject in Hartford, by way of asking advice, I mean, because, as he stated, in his final disclosure, that neither he, nor any of his flock could think or speak on the subject with impartiality—hence while writing to and receiving answers from distant friends the delay necessarily arose when he received the call from the church, sanctioned by the Presbytery, the unanimous wish of all the ministers in New York, letters from Mr. Brigham, Mr. Hallock, and Mr. Lord holding up to his view the vastness of their enterprise, their plan of colonizing at least twenty churches all emanating from this *one*. At the same time painting in glowing colors the future prosperity of the church in breaking down the strongholds of Satan and building up the great Redeemer’s Kingdom. I say all this one would suppose would be sufficient to shake the pillars of a stronger mind than even Mr. Hawes’ and induce him to balance the subject well.

Before he gave an answer he did do it and he determined right, at least in my opinion. The time of giving his answer or rather of communicating it to his people was at a preparatory sacramental lecture on Saturday evening. No one knew that it was coming and no one knew what was coming. After pronouncing the blessing he remained seated in the pulpit, with every eye fixed upon him, and in a kind of breathless expectation lest they should not hear the first word. He referred to the impatience of his people in a beautiful manner and I believe satisfied every one that he had acted judiciously in what he had

done; he spoke about fifteen minutes on the subject, and the anxiety of the congregation was excessive for he said many things that looked as much like going as staying and no one knew what to believe until a few of the last sentences. Then indeed when anxiety ceased and certainty succeeded it and the assurance that he would live and die and hope to go to Heaven with us produced a sensation such as I have seldom witnessed.

I leave you to imagine the rest, my paper is full and I can only add that I am, most sincerely and affectionately,

Your parent,

M. F. Cogswell”

Lydia Huntley Sigourney was entwined in the hearts and fortunes of more than the one Cogswell. We find her writing this little note of old-time homeliness to Mary Cogswell Weld when she made a visit to her parents in Hartford with their first grandchild Mason:—

“Saturday, April 28th.

My dear Friend,

Will you accept such a very humble and neighbourly present, as a few Parsnips, which having been freshly dug, are considered well-flavoured? My little ones, were highly delighted with their visit to yours and Mason has been their constant subject since, except during the intervals of sleep. Mary wishes to send Mason a little book as a mark of remembrance, and Andrew adds a bottle—a rather questionable present, in these times of temperance. You are highly favoured, my dear Mary, in your good child, as well as in all other temporal gifts.

I was sorry to hear that you had the headache yesterday, and hope you have entirely recovered. With respects to your husband,

Ever yours affectionately,

L. H. Sigourney.”

During the first quarter of the 19th century there sprung up in the eastern part of the United States an obvious leaning towards the formation of small societies. It was a time of little culture and with few opportunities in the sparsely settled country for a lone individual to acquire more. The strain and stress of fighting Red Skins and Red Coats had now passed and left the more conscious of these new United States aware that the further lands for them to conquer lay in the realms of gold. This desire for banding together into little groups to better enjoy social and intellectual benefits may be seen at that time in the birth of the Greek letter societies for the young men in the Colleges. Once these groups were formed, the mysterious insignia and the ritualistic practices of Mumbo Jumbo gave them added lure and leverage in the eyes of the uninitiated. Even the sequestered “young ladies” of the time seem to have caught the epidemic for this was the era of “circles.” The following letter refers to one of these circles which seems to have existed under Sigourney-Cogswell chaperonage.

“Norwich, Friday, July 17th, 1829.

My dear Friend,

Trusting that you have ere this arrived at the place of your nativity, and introduced your sweet infant into that paternal mansion where you

have enjoyed and imparted so much happiness, I take my pen to bid you an affectionate welcome. I should have deferred my congratulations until it was in my power to present them personally, but finding that I cannot leave Norwich so soon as I had at first intended, (not having made a visit here for three years, and having been prevented by an ague in the face, hitherto, from returning any of my numerous calls)—I felt a necessity of addressing some one of our “sacred number” respecting our arrangements for the approaching first of August, and felt that our Secretary, as the principal officer, was the natural organ of communication. But let me mention, in the first place, my dear Mary, that knowing so well as I do, what the care of an infant is, I do not wish you to take on yourself a single burden, but merely, on account of my absence, to set in motion the officers of the Society, who are always equal to every duty, and zealous in its performance. Our contribution which has not been taken since 1827, it will be expedient to collect this year. The preparatory step to this design, is to convince the officers as a board of consultation, which should not I think be deferred, beyond next Tuesday. They consist of yourself Secretary;—Elizabeth T. Edwards, Treasurer,—and the four Directors are, Mrs. Toucey,—Caroline Morgan,—your sister Elizabeth, & Frances Ann Brace:—choice spirits, and ready to every good work.—In consulting, upon an object of charity for the present year, say to them I recommend the “widows and orphans of Athens,” whose letter from Mr. King from the “caverns of Egina,—naked, bare-foot, hungering and in want of daily bread,”—I am sure has touched your compassionate feelings, and fills my eyes with tears, as I now think of it.—What can institute a stronger claim to charity than the extreme sufferings of these exiles?—and to classical minds like yours does it not convey an additional excitement, that they are *exiles from Athens*? I am informed by a benevolent gentleman from New York, in habit of correspondence with Mr. King, that a bounty, even smaller than ours usually is, would it be highly acceptable, and that he would transmit it for us.—Be so good as to present this object in your own eloquent manner to our board, and say to them that as they have already scattered the seeds of their liberality in our western wilds, and on the shores of Africa, it might be well also to sow a few in the soil of Greece, and trust the God of Harvest,—If they agree, as I presume they will, as there has ever been but one mind and one soul among us, the next step is to explain it to the Society, and receive their contributions. Time will be saved by doing this when the invitation is given for the festival of the first of August. By apportioning among the officers the number of those to be invited, according to the list which I enclose, not more than five will fall to the portion of each, and by selecting those in their immediate vicinity, or their particular friends, I conceive that no fatigue need be incurred. This division should be made on the day of consultation, and the respective contributions, with their accounts paid to the Treasurer, by the last Tuesday in July.—One other subject it would be well to attend to, when the board of consultation is convened. By our constitution we are required to choose officers every year. This has long been neglected. Perhaps it would be well to be faithful for once.—If they will decide on those they think proper to fill the offices, so that the voting could be done by *nomination* on the first day of August, it would save time and trouble. It is my wish that those who now fill the offices would consent to retain them, as they are all of “*those first fifteen*,” in whom I cannot help feeling a peculiar confidence. I would also suggest the propriety of

choosing a Vice-President which we have never done, for it is literally the business of a Vice-President, with which I am now troubling my Secretary.—I believe nothing remains to be arranged but the invitations. I wish all “our faithful and true” to meet in our consecrated grove, with their usual simple refreshments, at three in the afternoon of Saturday, August 1st I desire also the invitations to be extended in my name to parents—to husbands, where there are any,—*especially to my grandchildren*, (of whom in all places, I have forty)—and likewise to friends staying with the parties, if it would be pleasant to them to witness our primitive entertainment. These all are requested to come at *five*. With regard to the inviting of the female pupils at the Asylum to walk out at *six*, the young ladies know it has ever been pleasant to me to do it, on the principle that they have but few recreations, and so judicious was the management of the Committee of Arrangements at our last festival, that not the least inconvenience or bustle resulted from it. Still if an objection rests in the mind of any of the officers, I will not on this point urge my wishes:—if there is none, I shall probably be at home myself two or three days before the first of August, and will save the officers the trouble of coming so far out as the Asylum—by sending over the invitation, if they decide to have it sent. I wish Mrs. Child to be invited to meet with us, and become one of our Society.—With regard to the contributions, Mrs. Henry Tony, and Miss Mary Wells of Boston (now I believe in town)—paid theirs the last year, not knowing but it was to be collected as usual. I have had it by me a year for the Treasurer. I believe this is all the business. May God give us a happy meeting.—Out of our original 84,—nine have fallen,—Thirty-two are married, & dispersed widely into different states. Let us who are diminished in number still keep our ancient feast in sincerity and love.

Remember me affectionately to your parents, husband and all friends. Kiss the sister & baby for me, and believe me ever, your truly attached friend,

L. H. Sigourney.

Mrs. M. A. Weld.”

* * *

“To

Lewis Weld, Esquire,
Philadelphia, Penn.

(By Mr. Webb)

Hartford, Dec. 19, 1828.

My dear brother Lewis,—

I now cannot let slip a good opportunity by Mr. Webb on Monday to write you. It is now Saturday afternoon and the sun is just departing, as you can feel with me in the sweet thoughts of approaching the next day of Rest. I would rather be transported to Philadelphia, to go among your own pupils, in view of your signs, concerning religion to-morrow but I am well accustomed to see Mr. Gallaudet’s and other instructors signs. I hope I shall take a long walk to the Asylum for exercise; together with withdrawing my thoughts from wordly things.

Cate has just bidden me goodbye with Louisa (1) and gone to see Mrs. Terry and read one of Lizzy's letters. Perhaps you will think me (poor Alice) for I am left alone in this room 'as I am so snug by the fire for it is very cold. Oh! I am (no poor Alice) enjoying the pleasure of writing you so quietly. It is so dark that my eyes can hardly guide my pen. Now, I must make a bright fire for Papa etc.

My dear brother, from the table we have eaten *beans* and *pork*, as I wish we could partake them with you.

I am by Cate's side forbearing to give you an account of the party at Mr. H. W. Terry's, for she is now telling *everything* about it. I can only say that I was amused, as well as rather displeased at the oddest fashions of ancient costume, particularly Mr. Edwards who never looked so ugly, with the red coat of his grandfather and besides his wig. Mr. Wells never looked so well when he was dressed up after a dandy. When I was there I felt as if I existed in 1772. I must tell you that I could not help wondering how Dr. Barry took off the best airs of a quaker. He made me think of Philadelphia quakers, though I have never seen them. I can have some ideas for I see some who pass in our streets.

Yesterday evening there was a very pleasant levee at Mrs. Day's where we met many scholars and teachers from the Female Seminary.

My brain seems to be settled, therefore I must wait till to-morrow. I bid you goodnight.

Alice Cogswell"

* * *

"To

Miss Alice Cogswell
Care of Mr. John Butler (2)
Hartford, Conn.

Philadelphia,
May 9, 1829.

My dear Daughter,—

Your Mama sits in one corner of the breakfast room with her arms folded like a lady. Mary sits near to her sewing, and Elizabeth next with your charming little nephew in her lap, soothing him to sleep after his morning repast. While your affectionate father occupies another corner of the room having just commenced a letter to his beloved daughter.

I will endeavour briefly to relate events subsequent to our last writing. It may contribute to your amusement, if nothing more. It will, at least, convince you that we have not been idle, and in order that

(1) Eliza Kirkland born 1806 married Judge W. J. Bacon of Utica. She was the daughter of General Joseph Kirkland and Mary Backus. General Kirkland was born in Norwich, Conn., studied law in Windham, Conn., and moved early to practice in New Hartford, New York. Later he became Mayor of Utica and member of Congress. He was the son of the Rev. Daniel Kirkland and one of his brothers was Samuel, missionary to the Oneida Indians and later founder of Hamilton College, Clinton, New York.

(2) After the death of Austin Ledyard, father of Mary Austin Ledyard Cogswell, his widow married a Dr. Butler, and one of their children was this John Butler. In fact, John Butler's grandchildren now own and live in the old Ledyard house in Hartford where M. F. C. married Mary Ledyard.

you may duly appreciate our industry you must know that Mr. Weld has taken a house in the neighborhood of the Asylum, almost out of the City; a very convenient circumstance to him, but a very inconvenient one to us. All our friends or most of them whom we wish to see often are from half a mile to a mile from us. So that much more time is consumed in visiting them than there would be if we lived in the midst of them; still we have visited many, and have seen many of the curiosities of Philadelphia. I will enumerate such as I think it will amuse you. I have time only to name them now; a description of them must be reserved to the time of my return. The *water works* and *Fair Mount* as connected with them, and from which the whole City of Philadelphia is supplied with the finest water, is among the wonders of the world. The Navy-yard where is building as is said the *largest* ship in the world, enclosed in a building to protect it from the weather, larger than our *Central Church*. West's splendid picture of Christ healing the sick. The Pennsylvania Hospital, a beautiful place. The New States Prison. The Institution for Invalid Officers. The Porcelain Factory. The Atheneum. The Sunday School Union Repository, where Mr. Packard is. Washington Square and other less interesting squares; all interesting however. Pratt's Gardens. The City Library. All these places I have visited and your Mama as many as she could. You know she cannot walk and riding costs a dollar an hour.

We have received no letters from home and why is it so? Not a word since we left you.

The Deaf and Dumb Institution I did not mention above as you would know of course that we were there. How much did we want you while there!

We hope to leave New York in the first boat that goes next week. We have had some bad weather but it is fine now and I am *well* and *strong*.

Most affectionately, I am, your father
Mason F. Cogswell"

* * *

Hartford, Sept. 19, 1829.

The United States
To
M. F. Cogswell Dr

To 7 visits; advice and attendance on John Jones a sick and disabled seaman between the 6th and 12th Inst.

.....at 75.....\$4.75

rec'd payment
Mason F. Cogswell"

* * *

"Philadelphia
Oct. 28, 1829

My dearest Mother,

As for myself I have given up the pleasure of going out with Mary and Lewis this evening. They are gone to tea at Mrs. Johnson's who

had offered an invitation to meet Mrs. Packard. I assure you, to pass my moments in writing you particularly is many times more valuable than going out, for I am not well acquainted with Mrs. Johnson and besides my limbs ache so that I cannot enjoy myself there. I will, my dear Mother, give you an account of the most delightful part of my time which I passed yesterday. It was that Miss Bradford with her mother called here yesterday while we were at the Institution to see Miss Cowgill. You know how easily Miss Bradford "stretched her limbs" and went for us but her mother waited for us. She told me that I must go with them home and sleep with her! I could hardly consent myself and should have liked to go if Mary was willing. You know her character and I consented to go. It was rather dark for us to walk without a gentleman but we had got safe at Mrs. Bradford's. To my surprise I found three gentlemen there and I was not pleased with that, for they were utter strangers to me. I know you always like to have me tell you their names, viz:—a Mr. Brooks of Washington, Mr. Barbour of Virginia and Mr. Goldsborough, a young man with whom Mary used to board at Miss Potter's. After the supper we descended to the parlour. Mr. Vincent Bradford, with Mr. Brooks left us *immediately* for the purpose of attending the theatre. Mr. Goldsborough and Mr. Barbour passed the part of an evening, and the former entered into conversation with me by the slate. As soon as they left us, Mr. Bradford wished me to go with him and Eliza to the Museum. It was very difficult for me to consent without Mary, for it would be best for me to accompany with her there, but Mr. B. was so urgent that it was impossible to refuse. It is easy how much delighted I was with seeing many interesting and wonderful curiosities and it was with peculiar pleasure when I saw the likenesses of Mr. Clerc and his wife and child. It was natural for my wishes to go back to Hartford. It was rather late when we returned home and I was pretty well fatigued. I forget to tell you that I was much interested in the fact that I have seen a *model* of the canoe by which your uncle Ledyard travelled. You have no idea that whenever I saw everything at the Museum, I thought of you all and I wished I could have Elizabeth, Catherine and Mason tell me about them, but I could understand some by seeing the names on the paper. And Eliza Bradford also had boasted herself to try to make me understand what she conversed with me about them like my sisters. I believe Elizabeth was so much interested as I was in seeing a beautiful *Swan*. I find Mr. Bradford is reading the Life of John Ledyard (1) and I *believe*, he seems much interested in your lineage.

I have walked a great deal and tell Catherine that I remember to have her tell me I was going to see the celebrated United States Bank. Well, it is truly very grand and beautiful. When I saw it I thought of her and you know she always expresses much interest. Philadelphia is surely reckoned a beautiful city. Chestnut Street is very elegant and I wonder every day has broken in such beauty that we enjoyed our walks and I often think how good *He* is who bestowed upon us many blessings.

Last Sunday I went up to the Institution (2) and attended divine service. As well as at Hartford Lewis was too there and preached for

(1) Probably the Life of John Ledyard, the American Traveller; comprising selections from his Journals and Correspondence, by Jared Sparks, Published by Hilliard & Brown, Cambridge, 1828.

(2) Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf & Dumb.

us. I assure you, it is far pleasanter than I expected. I love Miss Cowgill so dearly.

We expect a mantua-maker next week. Now you I guess think of my pelisse, which will be altered and I hope it will be a good one.

Tell Cate she must remember to write me an enormous letter by Mr. Chew as she promised and he told her, he had an plan of coming here. Is Cate as fat as she was? Is Mason a good student at the office? I wish he could first write me. I have not yet finished the ruff, for I have been much prevented, but I hope it will be done next week. Mary wishes us all to hasten to make shirts for Lewis.

May God bless you.

Your affectionate daughter,
Alice Cogswell”

*

*

*

“Hartford, April 14th, 1830

Mary and Alice
Philadelphia, Pa.

My dear Children:—

Mr. Norton from Albany, Mr. Gallaudet and Mr. Woodbridge, have have been drinking tea with us and have just gone and although it is near ten having so good an opportunity of writing by Mr. Huntington who starts for Philadelphia in the morning boat I cannot refrain from indulging for a few moments conversation with you on the interesting occasion which has just passed away. And although I cannot do justice to its merits by any description I can give you some general account which I know will at least amuse you. My daughters have already informed you of a Fair that was gotten up to raise funds for our Benevolent Society established in this place for the relief of poor female children. For a month past nothing has been heard or seen but preparations among our ladies and young gentlemen for this novel and animating event, which has been consummated during the last few days in the spacious and elegant room over our new market. The doors were opened the day before yesterday at eleven o'clock. On entering each one paid 12½c as an introductory trifle. On the east side of the room four tables were spread twelve feet in length and four in breadth with everything that genius could invent or taste could adorn from the mouse to the lion in the natural world and by way of refreshment from trifles onwards to custards, ice creams, jellies and sweet meats. with a quantity sufficient of pickied oysters, ham, tongue, etc., with almost every kind of fruit and topped off with fine lemonade and coffee. Four other tables on the west side of the room were decorated in the same manner. At the head of each table sat or stood a matronly lady as Mrs. Wadsworth, Mrs. Terry, Mrs. Philipps or some other equally respectable, aided in assistance by half a dozen young ladies at each table such as Elizabeth, Catherine, etc. playing the merchant and recommending their goods in the most inviting and persuasive manner until all were obliged to buy whether they intended to or not. Across the end of the room on raised benches was a large and beautiful collection of plants and flowers from Mr. Tudor's greenhouse, most of them in full blossom and almost all for sale and these were surmounted by a picture of General Washington copied from Stuart's for the

singular history of which I must refer you to Mr. H. as I have not time myself to give it. In half an hour after the room was opened, it was filled and for a short time was inconveniently full, but in an hour or so there was just enough to make it pleasant. The whole area, between the tables being full but not crowded and when everyone you met whether friend or foe was clothed with smiles you could hardly see too many. But the evening was the time! How happy, my dear Children, should I have been could I only have seen your two countenances in the midst of us illumined as ours were. The room was beautifully lighted with lustre lamps, both above and on the tables. This gave a softened light on everything around and aided by the warmth of the room and by all the Benevolent Associations, inspired by the occasion, every female countenance shone with unusual brilliancy. The ordinary face became comely and the beautiful, beautiful indeed.

The sun has just risen upon us clear and bright for the first time for three weeks and had I time I would finish my letter as it should be but I must conclude by telling you that everything at the Fair went off grandly with a collection of about six hundred dollars. Love to those who love me.

Affectionately,
Your parent,
Mason F. Cogswell”

* * *

With this letter our story ends. For on the tenth of December, 1830, M. F. C. died. It is said that “during his last short illness the whole city of Hartford was so moved by the fate of its “Beloved Physician” that late at evening groups of citizens lingered on the sidewalks to inquire in whispers of the physicians as they departed from the familiar house on Prospect Street:—“How is he?” And at his death, countless tributes were made to him by his family and friends and neighbors, for all sorrowed over the loss of such a genial, courteous helper of mankind.”

But for Alice it was as if she had been deprived of the very water of life. Her ears could not hear the funeral bell but her too-sensitive nerves felt the jarring of the air. She shuddered and the poor dumb lips which he had laboured to unloose spoke their last words of love:—“My heart is so grown to my father that I cannot live without him.” Thirteen days later she was dead.

Appendix

James Cogswell
1746-1792
married Elizabeth
Davenport 1776.

married Abigail Lloyd
1783

Alice Cogswell
1749-1772

Samuel Cogswell
1754-1790
married Maria Backus
1785

Mary Austin Cogswell
1801-1868
married Rev. Lewis Weld

Elizabeth Cogswell
1803-1856
married John Treadwell Norton.

Alice Cogswell
1805-1830

Mason Fitch Cogswell
1809-1865
married Lydia Bradford

Catharine Ledyard Cogswell
1811-1882
married Rev. Cortlandt
van Rensselaer.

Mason Fitch Cogswell
1761-1830

Hartford, Conn.

Mary Austin Ledyard
1775-1849

James Cogswell
1720-1807

Windham, Conn.

Alice Fitch
d. 1772

Austin Ledyard
1751-1776

Hartford, Conn.

Sarah Sheldon

From
TWENTY YEARS AT PEMAQUID
BY T. HENRY CARTLAND.

A quarrel arose among the sons, or other descendants of Cogswell and this deposition found its way into the Courts:

Deposition of Wm. Furber, a servant of John Cogswell, is to be found in Massachusetts Archives Vol. XXXIX p. 504.

“The Deposition of Wm Furber, Senr, aged 60 years or thereabouts.

“This Deponent testifyeth & saith, that in the year of our Lord, 1635, I the said Deponent did come over in the ship (called the Angel Gabriel) along with Mr. John Cogswell Senr from old England, and we were cast ashore at Pemnayquid; & I doe remember that there was saved several Casks both of Dry Goods and provisions which were marked with Mr. Cogswell Senr Marks & that there saved a tent of Mr. Cogswell Senr which he had set up at Pemnaquid, & lived in it (with the goods that he saved in the wracke) & afterwards Mr. Cogswell Removed to Ipswitch; And in November After that was cast away I the said Deponent came to Ipswitch & found Mr. Cogswell, Senr Living there, & hired myself with him for one year; I the said Deponent doe well remember that there were several feather beds & I together with Deacon Haines as servants lay upon one of them, & there were several dozen of pewter platters, & there were several brass pans besides other pieces of pewter and other household goods as Iron Works & others necessary as for house Repairing & have in the house then. I the said Deponent doe further testify that there were two maires & two Cows brought over in another ship which was landed safe ashoare & were kept at misticke till Mr. Cogswell had ym, I doe further testify that my maister John Cogswell, Senr had three sons come over along with us in the ship (called the Angell Gabriel) the eldest sonnes name were William, & he were about 14 yeares of age, & the second sonne were called John & he was about 12 yeares of age then, & the third sonne name were Edward which was about 6 yeares of age at that time, & further William Furber Senr came & made oath to all the above written this first of Xber (December) 1676.

This fuller description of the Fort Griswold fight has been passed on through family papers from Mrs. Ann Main, a niece of Colonel William Ledyard's:—

When Col. Ledyard heard of the arrival of a little son at his home, he asked a short furlough from Washington. He started for home, and on arriving found that in the offing lay an English warship believed to be coming on a raid. He discovered also that Fort Griswold was without defenders, practically if not wholly deserted, for the town and country had been stripped of all able bodied men and the only ones now left at home were old men and boys. He wrapped his wife and baby up warmly, put them on a bed in a boat and sent them up the river. He gathered all the old men and lads he could find, including his own nephew, a young Collegian. They threw themselves into the Fort with what ammunition they could lay hands on and made such preparations that when the enemy landed and advanced to what they had been told was a deserted Fort, they were received by a galling fire. I know not how long the battle lasted but reinforcements were sent. The expedition was by the advice of the traitor Benedict Arnold who was on board of the ship. Arnold was a native of Norwich so well understood the situation. It was told afterwards that when one of the boats returned from the shore, Arnold asked if they had heard who commanded in the Fort and when told, he replied to the captain, "I know Ledyard well, he will not give up while a drop of blood is in his veins." The boat was ordered to return and carried direction to the troops to come back to the ship. As the boat started the flag came down and all was over.

Of the scene inside the Fort, the family received slightly different statements from the few who escaped. All agreed that when the gates were burst open Major Bromfield rushed in and demanded "Who commands here?" "I did, Sir" said Ledyard, advancing, "But you do now" said he and offered his sword to the British officer. It was seized and one informant said, plunged into Ledyard's breast; the other, that it was snapt and the officer thrust his own into Ledyard who fell at his feet. A general massacre took place of all who were unable to escape. The dead and the dying were thrown into an empty wagon whose wheels were put in motion to carry it down the hill and discharge its freight into the river, but it struck against some obstacle and the bodies were thrown into a heap on the bank. The warship withdrew, having failed in its object, but the commanding officer of the forces was complimented in the English Parliament on his gallant capture of Fort Griswold.

After night set in, a negro woman, a family servant of the Ledyards', said her master should be buried like a Christian, so with great difficulty she secured a cart and lantern and with a boy to accompany her, went in search of the ghastly heap. She found the body of her dear master and

also his nephew, who was still alive. These she carried home. The young man was nursed back to health. Later he studied medicine and settling in Brooklyn, N. Y., became an eminent physician. He married Miss Livingston but died in the meridian of life. The widow devoted herself to the memory of her husband and to the education of their one son. I met them when as a young girl I visited in New York. She afterwards went to Detroit, and the next I heard of Frederick he had married a daughter of Gen. Cass. A few years later he was charged at the court of Naples, and during a violent eruption of Vesuvius with some others he ventured too near the crater and a stone was hurled on him with such violence that he was dangerously injured and lost one of his arms."

Benjamin Ledyard married Susan Livingston, daughter of Brockhoist Livingston, of New York. Their only child, Henry Ledyard, married Matilda Cass, daughter of General Lewis Cass, of Detroit.

In December, 1799, M. F. C. was elected a member of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences. The object of which Society "was to cultivate every Art and Science which might tend to advance the Interest and Happiness of a Free and Virtuous People."

In May, 1800, M. F. C. received from Philadelphia this notification fastened by the red seal of the Academy:—

"Sir,

The Academy of Medicine of Philadelphia entertaining high respect for your talents and love of science, have elected you a Corresponding Member of their Institution.

You will receive with this certificate a copy of the constitution of the Academy. They will thank you for such communications as may tend to promote the objects of their Association.

Signed, by order of the Academy,

Philip Syng Physick, President.

John C. Otto, Secretary."

This is to certify that Mason F. Cogswell of the Town of Hartford, in the County of Hartford, in the District of Connecticut, hath paid the duty of three dollars upon a two wheel carriage, called a chaise, owned by him, having a top on *steel* springs, to be drawn by one horse, for the conveyance of more than one person, for the year to end on the 30th of September, 1802.

J. Chester

Collector of the Revenue for
the fourth Division in the
only survey in the District
of Connecticut.

To Mason F. Cogswell

Doctor

My wife has been quite ill
For several days, and is so still;
And which was best we've been in doubt,
To ask advice or do without.
But having only weighed the matter,
Concluded to reject the latter.
And Solomon, a vast deal wiser
No doubt, than either you or I, Sir,
Declares tis best to take advice
In matters difficult or nice.
Now Sir, if in your usual circuit
You could contrive some way to work it,
To call and see what ails my wife
I'll thank you kindly all my life.
And tho' for visit and assistance,
Your usual fee to pay I've mist on
As I'm in hopes of better times,
Excuse my failings and my rhymes.

T. Blydenburgh

Hartford

Dec. 11, 1802.

From Hartford Newspaper—1830.

Died in this city, last Friday morning, Mason F. Cogswell, M. D., aged 69. His funeral was attended at the Centre Church on Sunday afternoon, when an appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Hawes, before a crowded audience. Rarely are we called to record the death of one more universally respected and beloved than the deceased, and we are confident that to a great portion of our readers, we cannot occupy our columns more acceptably, than by presenting them with the following sketch of his life and character, which accompanied the discourse preached at his funeral, and which we have been permitted to transfer to our paper.

Doctor Mason Fitch Cogswell was born in Canterbury, in this State, on the 17th day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and sixty-one. He was the only surviving child of the Rev. Dr. James Cogswell, first settled in the ministry in Canterbury, and, afterwards, in Scotland, a parish in the town of Windham. This venerable servant of the Lord, died at his son's house in this city, about twenty three years since, at the advanced age of eighty seven years.

In the life and death of our deceased friend, we see one more striking display of the value of an early, religious education, and of the counsels and prayers of a pious parent.

After graduating at Yale College, in 1780, Dr. Cogswell pursued his medical studies with his eldest brother, at Stamford, in this State, and afterwards, completed them, under his direction, in the city of New York.

He came to this place forty-one years since,—during which period, an almost uninterrupted course of active, constant, and faithful industry has marked his professional career,—a rare example of the amount of fatigue which can be undergone, and of arduous labor which can be performed, by one who is willing “to spend and be spent” in the discharge of his duty.

As a physician, he ranked among the first; and as a surgeon, he was pre-eminent, both in his own State, and in this country. Beloved by his brethren, and by a large number of students who pursued their medical studies under his direction, he contributed greatly to elevate the standard of the profession, to inspire its younger members with hope and enterprise, and to shed over all a most happy influence by his kind and conciliatory example.

“Med. Inst. of Y. College, N. H.

To Mrs. Cogswell

Dear Madam,

We beg leave to express to you our deep and sincere sympathy and condolence in regard to the death of our much esteemed and respected friend your late husband.

Few men have ever laid the world under greater obligations by a long life of devoted and successful personal service and few leave so affectionate a recollection in the hearts of their friends or so warm a regard in the feelings of the community.

Permit us, dear Madam, both from professional and personal feeling and as a small mark of respect and regard for yourself and your family to request that, should your son pursue his medical education in this Institution, his future courses may be considered as already paid for, in the satisfaction which we have in honoring the memory of the excellent and eminent Dr. Cogswell.

We remain, dear Madam, very cordially, your friends,

(Signed)

Thos. Hubbard

Eli Ives

William Tully

J. Knight

B. Silliman

Timothy P. Beers”

On Tombstone in the old North Cemetery, at Hartford, Conn.

United in death here rest the remains of
Mason F. Cogswell, M. D. who died December
17, 1830, aged 69 years, and of Alice Cogswell
who died December 30, 1830, aged 25 years. The
father distinguished for his private virtues,
and public spirit, and his professional worth
and the daughter though deprived of hearing
and speech for her intellectual attainments
and loveliness of character. The American
Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb which under
Providence owes its origin to the father's
tenderness toward his child and his sympathy
for her fellow sufferers will stand an enduring
monument to their memory.



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